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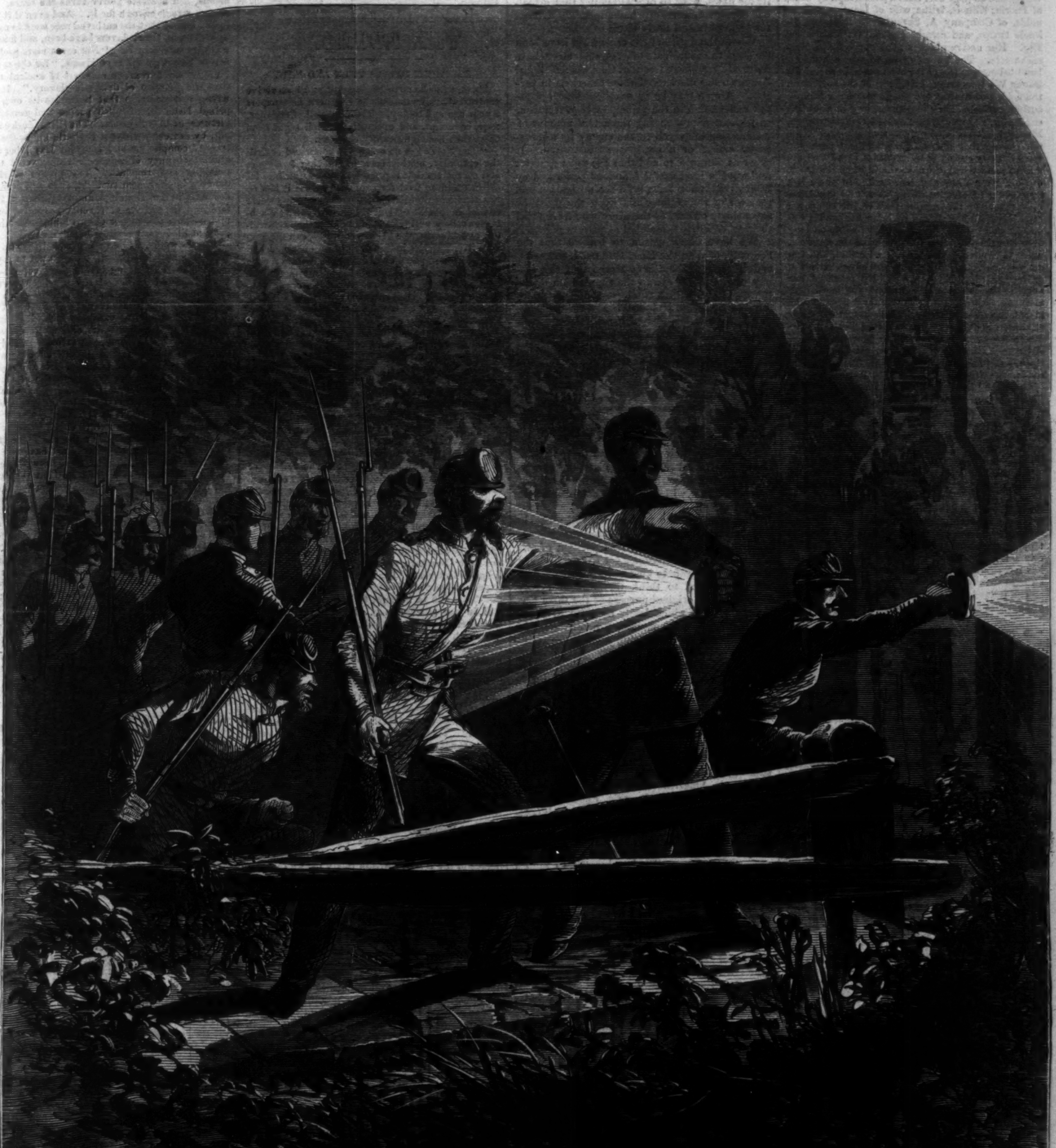


REBELS OUTSIDE THEIR WORKS AT YORKTOWN RECONNOITRING WITH DARK LANTERNS.—SKETCHED BY MR. WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

GEORGE PEABODY.

On page 309 we publish a portrait of George Peabody, the leading American banker in London, who has just given $750,000 to the London poor. Mr. Peabody is a native of Danvers, Massachusetts, and about seventy years of age. In early life he entered a merchant's office, and at twenty-one became a partner in a leading house at Baltimore. There he remained, winning respect and fortune, until 1836, when he removed to England and set up a banking-office in London. His business has been extremely successful, and he now retires with a fortune which is estimated at millions.

Mr. Peabody, who is a bachelor, has frequently made large donations to places where he has been known. He gave $50,000 to Danvers for a Lyceum and Library, and a very large sum for a similar institution at Baltimore. His donation to the London poor is the most munificent gift ever made by a private individual to a public charity.

MRS. MAJOR REYNOLDS.

Mrs. Major Belle Reynolds, whose portrait we publish on page 317, from a photograph by Cole, of Peoria, Illinois, is the wife of Lieutenant Reynolds, of Company A, Seventeenth Regiment Illinois troops, and daughter of K. W. Macumber, Esq. Her native place is Shelbourne Falls, Massachusetts. The Seventeenth, to which her husband belongs, is one of the most popular regiments in our Western army, being one of the earliest in the field, and during the whole war have been in active service. They met the enemy in a terrible encounter, and vanquished him, at Fredrickstown, Missouri. They early took possession of Cape Girardeau; they also bore a prominent part, and were terribly cut up at the battle of Fort Donelson, and were in the thickest of the fight at the battle of Shiloh (or Pittsburg Landing). In these last two battles Lieutenant Reynolds was Acting-Adjutant. During the greater part of the campaign Mrs. Reynolds has shared with her husband a soldier's fare in camp; many a night, while on long marches, sleeping upon the ground in the open air, with no covering other than her blanket, and frequently drenched with rain; and ofttimes, to the order "Fall in," she has hurriedly mounted her horse in the darkness of the night, and made long marches without rest or food except such as she might have had with her. She has at all times exhibited a degree of heroism that has endeared her to the brave soldiers of the Seventeenth and other regiments that have been associated with them, and to the officers of the army, with whom she is acquainted.

Governor Yates, of Illinois, and his staff were at Pittsburg Landing to look after the Illinois troops, who suffered so severely in that fearful struggle, and learning of Mrs. Reynolds's heroic conduct on the field, and untiring efforts in behalf of the wounded soldiers, by and with the advice of his staff commissioned her Daughter of the Regiment, to take rank as a Major, "for meritorious conduct on the bloody battle-field of Pittsburg Landing." Mrs. R. left Pittsburg Landing a few days after the battle to attend some wounded soldiers to their homes by the rivers, leaving the last one at Peoria—Captain Swain, of Illinois, who died as the boat touched the wharf at Peoria. She remained at Peoria a few days to recover from her fatigue, and has left again to rejoin the army, and hopes and expects soon to be in Corinth.

The following letter has been addressed to Governor Yates by citizens of Peoria:

> "Peoria, *April* 17, 1862.
>
> "*To His Excellency Richard Yates, Governor, etc., Springfield, Illinois:*
>
> "Dear Sir,—Permit us to thank you for the honor conferred upon Peoria by your voluntary act in commissioning Mrs. Belle Reynolds, of this city, to take rank as *Major* of Illinois State Militia, showing your appreciation of valuable services so nobly rendered by a lady on the bloody battle-field of Pittsburg Landing.
>
> "And we take pleasure in bearing testimony to the high *moral* and *Christian* character of the 'Major,' believing that in whatever circumstances she may be placed she will ever honor her commission and the worthy Executive who gave it. Respectfully yours."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 17, 1862.

THE CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

We have reason to believe that our subscribers in the army at Yorktown, and the gallant officers and soldiers to whom we have the pleasure of sending complimentary copies of *Harper's Weekly*, will receive this Number safely, and that their property will not be interfered with on the way, either at Fortress Monroe or elsewhere.

We need hardly remark that seizures of this journal at particular points involve no pecuniary injury to us. Not a single copy of *Harper's Weekly* goes to Fortress Monroe, for instance, which has not been paid for in advance, with the exception of copies which we send gratuitously to regiments, officers, or soldiers in the army. To seize this journal, therefore, is merely to rob our gallant troops of property which belongs to them.

A censorship of the press is one of the temporary inconveniences which the present unexampled rebellion has involved. At the outbreak of the war there were throughout the North journals conducted by unprincipled men which were prepared deliberately to afford aid and comfort to the enemy. Ever since then there have been journals which, without the excuse of rebel sympathies, have been willing to betray strategical secrets, in order to outstrip their rivals in the publication of military and naval intelligence. The only means of checking the one and the other was a press censorship, and it is to the credit of Mr. Lincoln that he did not hesitate to establish it.

We cheerfully bear testimony to the sagacity and forbearance which have been generally displayed by the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and Colonel E. S. Sanford, Military Supervisor of Telegraphs, in the exercise of the abnormal powers with which they have been invested in regard to the press.

It could not be expected that an exercise of power so foreign to our usages and our political system could be established without occasional errors and some injustice. It is often so difficult to draw the line between legitimate and contraband news that honest publishers were liable to contravene the rules of war unwittingly; while, on the other hand, the duties devolved upon the censor, in consequence of the immense number of journals published in the loyal States, and the keen appetite of the public for news, were so overwhelming that a zealous officer might readily make mistakes without rendering himself fairly liable to censure.

Where the duties of the censorship have been confided to subordinate officers, such errors have naturally been more frequent than where Colonel Sanford has discharged those functions in person. A man may be an excellent officer without understanding the principles of journalism, or without apprehending the actual amount of information conveyed to the enemy by a newspaper article or a newspaper illustration. It gives us pleasure to add that the most grateful and not the least useful functions performed by Colonel Sanford have been the mitigation and removal of restrictions laid upon the press by subordinate officers of the army who have filled the post of Provost Marshal at various points.

We have every reason to believe that the Secretary of War, the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, is discharging the duties of his most onerous station with a single eye to the suppression of the rebellion, and with a whole-souled devotion to the interest of the Union. It gives us pleasure to add that he is ably and heartily seconded in this purpose by Colonel Sanford, whose office, though naturally ungrateful, has been, in his hands, so administered as to secure for him the gratitude and respect of journalists and the public at large.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Foreign journals have boasted that the troubles of the United States have given the quietus to the Monroe Doctrine, and that hereafter European Powers will be free to colonize where they please on American soil.

The events of the past month will probably have modified the views of European nations with regard to the power and position of the United States. We are not yet so broken down that it is quite safe to kick us in the face. And we are inclined to think that, whatever may have been the original purpose of the three European Powers which lately assumed to interfere in the affairs of Mexico, none of them will now persevere in intervening without the countenance of this country.

The object of the Monroe Doctrine was to obviate wars on this continent. Mr. Monroe's idea was, that so long as we were the controlling Power in America none of our neighbors would be strong enough to go to war with us; if, however, any European Power gained a foothold on American soil, we might be liable to the wars which have desolated Europe. He assumed, in establishing this doctrine, that British North America would naturally gravitate toward the Union. In this, experience has proved that he was in error. The British colonies are further than ever from us. It has been the policy of England to foster a spirit of hostility to this country among the Canadian people. They are studiously educated to regard us as their enemies. And, on the occasion of the *Trent* quarrel, elaborate plans were formed for the bombardment of Detroit, Chicago, and other frontier cities by expeditions fitted out in Canada.

The question naturally arises, whether the successful close of the war against the Southern rebels will not afford a good opportunity for obviating the possibility of another war with our northern neighbors. If Canada were independent we should never go to war with her, nor she with us. With England we are constantly liable to quarrel, and the only guarantee against war is the 3000 miles of ocean which separate us. This guarantee is neutralized by the military occupation of British North America by British forces.

Mr. E. G. Spaulding has given notice of a motion to abrogate the Reciprocity Treaty, and to appoint a new Commission to negotiate another treaty. It would seem that this Commission ought to demand such material guarantees for peace as would involve the political independence of the British colonies.

We do not want the British colonies in the Union. We should gain nothing by annexing them, and they would be excellent neighbors as independent States. But so long as they are under the British flag, and so long as England can use their bays and rivers to fit out expeditions against our lake cities, they are a standing menace to us, which it is bad policy to neglect or despise. A Federal Union of these Colonies—stretching from British Columbia to Nova Scotia—under an independent national flag, would be a welcome neighbor, and we could live side by side with them for centuries in peace. But we can not help thinking that it will be bad policy to disband our splendid army and dismantle our navy until the Monroe Doctrine is applied to the region north of us, as well as the region south of us, and until it is physically impossible for any of the anti-democratic Powers of Europe to fit out expeditions on American soil to bombard our cities or ravage our frontier.

The expense of the fortifications which are about to be undertaken for the protection of our northern frontier would enable us, in case the necessity were forced upon us, to conquer the British Provinces and hold them against any power which could be sent against us from Europe.

THE LOUNGER.

SOUTHERN PAPERS THEN AND NOW.

There can be no more pregnant and instructive contrast than the tone of the Southern newspapers a year ago and to-day. The wild yell of defiance, rage, contempt, and execration which burst from them then has significantly changed.

"The North has no officers to command or drill the cowardly, motley crew of starving foreigners and operatives that it proposes to send South to fill ditches and as food for cannon, because it has no room in its penitentiaries and poor-houses to receive or sustain them." "Our people can take it (Washington), they will take it, and Scott, the arch-traitor, and Lincoln, the beast, combined, can not prevent it. The just indignation of an outraged and deeply-injured people will teach the Illinois Ape to repent his course and retrace his journey across the borders of the free negro States still more rapidly than he came; and Scott, the traitor, will be given an opportunity at the same time to try the difference between 'Scott's Tactics' and the Shanghai drill for quick movements." "It is not to be endured that this flight of Abolition harpies shall come down from the black North for their roosts in the heart of the South, to defile and brutalize the land." "They never did fight, and never will fight, except for pay, for pillage, and plunder. Once satisfy them that no money is to be made, no plunder to be gotten by invading the South, and no power on earth can lash and kick them south of Mason and Dixon's line."

All these things the Richmond *Examiner* said. A year has passed, and it says: "The destiny of the Confederacy is trembling on the result of Yorktown. If successful, it will give us six months for carrying out the conscription act, arming and equipping a large army, and launching a fleet of *Merrimacs;* but if unsuccessful, Virginia is lost."

"The action of these church-burning, flour-plundering, swinish groundlings has no terrors for any but their Northern masters," said the Richmond *Dispatch* last year. Last week it says: "We may expect to hear of disasters wherever the enemy's gun-boats can be brought to bear on all the points still in our possession....Having made himself master of the river and sea-board towns, the enemy, if he wish to conquer us, must come into the interior. There he will have to beat our armies without the aid of his iron-clad boats, before he can boast of having subdued the country."

"But these mercenary hirelings, these Arnolds, are influenced alone by the thirty pieces of silver, and are not possessed of a sentiment half so sublime as that which the Devil placed in the bosom of Judas." This is the Norfolk *Day Book* last year. This year it says: "We have faith in our ultimate success; but should this prove fallacious we can remember the example of Samson—remember and emulate it."

"Come on, Abraham! You are wanted," said the Newbern *Progress*, last spring. This spring the Newbern *Progress* appears under the auspices of General Burnside.

The Memphis *Avalanche* was a prophet last April: "We predict that Jeff Davis will be on the banks of the Hudson within thirty days; that Mr. Lincoln will fly, with what little may be scraped together from a bankrupt treasury, from Washington, and that General Scott will bear him company; that nothing will be left, a month hence, of the old Union except possibly New England; and that the special session of Congress called for the Fourth of July will not meet nearer Washington than Portland, Maine, if it ever meets at all!" This April the *Avalanche* says that the Southern people are fast losing all confidence in their river defenses, and it is generally admitted that the Union army can be no longer successfully resisted. It also intimates a lack of confidence in the stability of the Southern Confederacy, by advising its patrons to invest whatever money they have in real estate, while purchases can be made with the money now in circulation, which is principally rebel treasury notes.

These extracts carry their own moral. The newspapers express the extremest public sentiment; and what consciousness of ghastly failure betrays itself in every word of the expiring gasconade of this infamous rebellion!

KNOWN BY THEIR FRUITS.

The Report of the Committee to ascertain the treatment of our prisoners and dead by the rebels is one of the most melancholy documents in history. It is not surprising, however, for no one who has thoughtfully read the many records of the aspects and characteristics of a society based upon slavery was unconscious of its essential and necessary barbarism. You may like slavery or dislike it; you may think it a great benefit to the people whom it utterly outrages and degrades, or not; but you can not, with our own history and the daily newspaper in your hands, deny that it imbrutes the masters. Is there any nominally Christian people in the world that could show themselves so absolutely destitute of human instinct as the Southern rebels?

It is in vain to say that there are gentle and accomplished women in Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans; that there are frank and generous men at the South; for nobody who has a right to an opinion for a moment denies it. But these are the extremely exceptional persons, and even these are tainted by the absolute tyranny they exercise. Those gentle and accomplished people say, and evidently sincerely believe, things at which the heart stands still with horror and incredulity. Humanity, honor, justice, are all partially paralyzed in their minds. Their civilization is a mermaid—lovely and languid above, but ending in bestial deformity.

This again is not surprising, for they are human beings, and absolute power turns the brain. We are not strong enough for it. And even if it were to be allowed that the enslaved race were benefited by servitude, the enslavers have been, and must always be, ruined by it. "Nor can a more probable reason be assigned," says Hume, "for the severe, I might say barbarous manners of ancient times than the practice of domestic slavery." It is a wrong so monstrous that it carries its own perpetual Nemesis. Foolish people find something picturesque in the system. The silent, dusky servant, by descent perhaps a barbaric king—the contrast of complexion and constant lazy labor with absolute luxury of repose, are discovered to be touching and romantic. The groups of slaves dancing in the warm twilight, such as Humboldt describes in San Domingo, and Edwards and Beckford and the writers of seventy years ago in Jamaica—how pleasing a picture! how charming a peasant life! what careless happiness!

But Edwards, while he contended that slavery must be maintained, was too honest not to say, as he does in the opening of his third volume—the history of San Domingo—"In countries where slavery is established the leading principle on which government is supported is *fear*, or a sense of that absolute coercive necessity, which, leaving no choice of action, supersedes all question of *right*. It is in vain to deny that such actually is, and necessarily must be, the case in all countries where slavery is allowed." Fear begets force and requires ignorance. These are the conditions of slavery and of barbarism, but they destroy civilization. Consequently, in our slave States the ignorance of the mass of the people is appalling. Could they have known either the nature of the Government, the history of the nation, or the character of the people at the North, they would not have rebelled. The Southern masses have been brought to the field by the power of a great lie; but they could not have been juggled by a lie except for the ignorance, passion, cruelty, and prejudice which slavery occasions and requires.

Impatient of natural decay, they boil the dead flesh of our soldiers to get the bones more speedily. The bones are cut and carved into trinkets, into caskets, into drinking-cups; and the women of the region, equally ignorant and cruel, wear them and gloat over them with glee. In the Shenandoah Valley the people suppose us to have horns; believe that we gore the wounded, and can not taste blood enough. The extravagance, the idiocy of ignorance, in every quarter that our troops have entered, is appalling. But it is not strange. Slavery can not exist without it. It must have ignorance at any price. Knowledge is light, and in the light it withers.

Let the "white trash," as the poor whites of the South are called, once clearly see that in sustaining slavery they are maintaining the riches and ease of a few slaveholders at the expense to themselves of every thing decent and valuable in life, and they will soon square accounts with the four or five hundred thousand who own slaves.

Can the Union ever be safe or peaceful so long as the social system of a large section absolutely requires that the population shall be utterly ignorant of their more distant fellow-citizens? And will not the actual practical contact of the men of the North with those of the South inspire the latter with the hope of becoming civilized, intelligent, and prosperous?

THE KING IS DEAD.

At the Charleston Convention of 1860 the seceders, under the lead of Yancey, were perfectly confident that it would not be difficult to "precipitate the Cotton States into revolution," and to secure and maintain the independence of "the South," because the North must have cotton, and the rest of the world must have cotton, and the necessities of trade would control politics, and commerce would be stronger than patriotism. "Cotton is King!" cried the infatuated leaders. "The commerce of the world hangs by a thread," said Dickens. England feeds five millions of mouths with the wages of cotton-spinning, and takes eighty-five per cent. from this country, she will raise the blockade if you try to establish one, shouted "the South," exultant. Cotton is King, and while it is so the rebellion is safe, quoth the wise Wigfall.

"Yes," sighed Yancey, a month ago in New Orleans; "but it is a mistake to suppose that Cotton *is* King. It is not." The Norfolk *Day Book* echoes the dreary confession. "We confess that we, in common with wiser men, were deluded into the general belief in the supremacy of cotton....The truth of this declaration (Dickens's) may yet become manifest, but cotton as a political agent is done for. None so poor to do it reverence as a blockade raiser....Hog and hominy are far more important than cotton or tobacco."

Thus the whole vision of "Southern" supremacy based upon cotton fades away. The success which was a demonstration of political economy disappears. The entire fallacy of Southern political shrewdness is exposed. This is, of itself, a profoundly instructive fact. It illustrates the character and consequence of a civilization based upon monstrous injustice. Men who consent to live by the ruin of a race, can not believe that other men will be influenced by any other motive than the grossest selfishness. Consequently they looked no farther than the fact that the demand for cotton was incessant and enormous. That the interested nations might look elsewhere for it; that to raise a blockade forcibly implied war; that the rebellion showed the essential uncertainty of a supply which depended upon slave labor; in short, all the considerations that must modify and control the simple selfishness they had not meditated.

The first shot that "the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia," fired from Beauregard's batteries at Fort Sumter killed the cotton monopoly and slavery together.

A NEW FORM OF SECESSION.

Another of the ridiculous humors of this waning rebellion is the project of "John M. Vernon, Esq., of New Orleans," who probably left that city about the middle of April for up country, for a Confederate decimal system for the currency of "the South."

"We are," says Mr. Vernon, "a separate and distinct people, influenced by different interests and sentiments from the Vandals who would subjugate us. Our manners and customs are different, our tastes and talents are different, our geographical position is different, and—in conformity with natural laws, nature, and instinct—our currency, weights, and measures should be different." He then suggests the following table:

"10 Centimes	1 Tropic.
10 Tropics	1 Star.
10 Stars	1 Sol."

John M. Vernon, Esq., then adds three reasons why it should be adopted; but the second is so singularly pertinent to the condition of "The Confederacy" to-day, that it is quite sufficient: "*Second.* They are emblems of cheerfulness, honor, honesty of purpose, solidity, and stability."

Rabelais and Swift combined could not surpass that biting sarcasm.

THE FATE OF GUERRILLAS.

The fall of New Orleans is evidently felt by the rebels to be the direst wound they have yet received. "This is a heavy blow," says the Richmond *Dispatch*; "it is useless to deny it." But toward the end of the article the paper waxes more hopeful, and it concludes with the cheerful remark that "thus far his (the national) success is scarcely a disadvantage to us." The Petersburg *Express* declares that "the ways of God are mysterious, and He directs the affairs of men so as often to lead them to consider an event calamitous which afterward proves the happiest that could have occurred for their welfare." The Atlanta *Intelligencer* says, "Memphis, we apprehend, will share the fate of New Orleans. To delude ourselves with any other hope is now a folly." They all agree that our gun-boats are irresistible; that wherever they can be used the Government will restore its sway; that the case of rebels is unpromising, but yellow fever may do something to help them against us; and that at last they must take to the bush and carry on a guerrilla warfare.

That will be the natural course of the more desperate—and for them General Frémont's method of treatment in Western Virginia will be the surest. Two men taken in the act of such warfare have been sentenced to death, and he has approved the sentence.

FORESEEING THE "MERRIMAC."

While the *Merrimac* is still a vague terror, and the wonder and regret that we had not known more of her are still alive, the reader may remember that in this paper for November 2, 1861, an admirable, and as it proved, quite accurate cut of the monster was published, with a description of her construction and armament which is very faithful. The account was derived from a workman who professed to have been employed upon the *Merrimac*, and the result justifies his word. It shows that it is possible to know something of the interior policy and economy of the enemy, and to be ready to meet him. Forewarned is forearmed.

Some day, doubtless, it will appear why the Norfolk Navy-yard was not saved to us; why the *Merrimac* was not anticipated; and why Norfolk was not sooner taken. And when that day comes, we equally believe that it will be seen that, as in the general military conduct of the war, all was done that could be wisely done.

AN ANSWER.

A friend in Baltimore writes to know why the battle at Pittsburg Landing, on the 7th April, was called "The Waterloo of America." Certainly such a title has no meaning; but if it had been called the Waterloo of Rebellion the reason would have been that, as Blucher came up to the support of Wellington, and secured the rout of the French, so the coming up of Buell to the support of Grant secured the defeat of the rebels; and as Napoleon never recovered from the battle of Waterloo, so the Rebellion will never recover from its defeat at Pittsburg Landing.

—The two great battles of the Italian-French campaign in Lombardy three years ago were Magenta and Solferino.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Wanted—An unlimited number of young men, possessing the four good qualities of stayathomeativeness, antismokeativeness, antifindfaultativeness, and antistingymindedness, with hearts capable of appreciating feminine disinterestedness.

PULL ARMSTRONG, PULL ADMIRALTY.

A PROBABLE CHRONOLOGY.

1860. Mr. Armstrong, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, invents Rifled Ordnance that will knock any ship to pieces. He is knighted, and the Admiralty is benighted.

1861. The Admiralty recovers, and invents Iron Ships that resist any known cannon-balls.

1862. Sir William Armstrong invents a gun that smashes the Iron Ships into blacksmithereens. The Admiralty collapses.

1863. The Admiralty re-expands and invents Platina Ships fastened with diamond cement, and Sir William Armstrong's balls fly to pieces like bonbons.

Mr. Gladstone doubles the Income-Tax.

1864. Sir William Armstrong invents Brazen Thunderbolts (supposed to be the original Jupiters), and in a pleasing experiment sends the greater part of the British Fleet to the bottom of the sea.

1865. The Admiralty invents Torpedo vessels which sail under water and below any range of guns. Sir William Armstrong tears his hair and swears in the Newcastle dialect.

1866. Sir William Armstrong invents a Vertical gun that discharges Greek fire straight down, and a second time he destroys the greater part of the British fleet. The Lords of the Admiralty are about to hang themselves, when a thought strikes them, and they don't.

Mr. Gladstone again doubles the Income-Tax.

1867. Dr. Cumming, who has for some weeks been having in his coals by the sack only, suddenly proclaims the Millennium. As there is now to be peace every where, the Admiralty does not invent any thing, but waits to see.

In order to test Dr. Cumming's veracity, and to find out whether lions will lie down with kids, the Zoological Society (against the advice of their excellent Secretary, Mr. Sclater) lets loose their biggest lion while a charity school is in the Gardens. As the lion, instead of lying down with a kid, only lies down to digest him, the Admiralty thinks there is some mistake somewhere, and determines to invent a new fleet.

Mr. Gladstone once more doubles the Income-Tax.

1868. The Admiralty invents a Stone Fleet, with cork keels, and defies Sir William Armstrong.

1869. Sir William Armstrong invents the Hannibal, or Alp-Shell, which contains the strongest vinegar, and melts the Stone Ships. Having for the third time destroyed the British Fleet, he is raised to the peerage as Lord Bomb.

1870. The Admiralty invents an Aerial Fleet, which sails in the clouds, out of shot range, and the First Lord takes a double sight at Sir William Armstrong.

Mr. Gladstone a fourth time doubles the Income-Tax.

1871. Lord Bomb invents a Balloon battering-train, and in an experimental discharge brings down all the British Fleet into the German Ocean.

1872. The Admiralty, in desperation, invents a Subterranean Fleet, which is to be conveyed by tunnels to all the Colonies; but Mr. Gladstone blandly suggests that as every body now pays twice his income in taxes, the people may object to further imposts unless some proof of economy is given.

Government therefore stop the pensions of a hundred superannuated clerks, discharge some extra night-porters at the Treasury, and bring in Estimates for the Subterranean Fleet.

1873. Lord Bomb invents his Typhœons, or Earthquake Shells, and suffocates the British Fleet in the Tasmania Tunnel.

Mr. Gladstone a fifth time doubles the Income-Tax.

1874. The Emperor of the French proclaims the Millennium, which of course immediately occurs; no more war-ships are wanted, and the collectors remit the quarter's Income-Tax not yet due. Lord Bomb invents his Volcanic Fire-works in honor of the occasion, and by some accident burns up the public.

TRIFLE NOT WITH CUPID.

On a sunny morn a maiden
  Met a boy at play,
With a bow and quiver laden,
  Singing on his way—
"Trifle not with little Cupid,
  Love will hold his sway;
He is not so blind and stupid
  As some people say."

As he came he plaited rushes,
  Singing merrily—
"Maiden, put aside your blushes—
  Come and play with me!
Come and trip o'er hill and valley,
  Round about each tree;
Love shall make your spirits rally,
  Joyous, gay, and free!"

Hardly had the maid decided
  With the boy to rove,
When his line he nimbly glided
  O'er a branch above.
Round the elm they ran enraptured,
  While his web he wove,
Till, alas! his prize was captured
  In the "cords of Love!"

"Elder, will you have a drink of cider?" inquired a farmer of an old temperance man who was spending an evening at his house. "Ah—hum—no, thank ye," said the old man, "I never drink any liquor of any kind—'specially cider; but if you'll call it apple-juice I'll take a drop."

When some stupid fellow charged Sheridan with inconsistency, the wit replied that the accusation reminded him of the reasoning of the entertainer of a convivial party, who, hearing his friends observe that it was time to take leave, as the watchman was crying past three, observed, "Why, you don't mind that fellow, do you? He changes his story every half hour."

"Pat," said a builder to an Irishman engaged in carrying slate to the top of a four-story building, "have you any houses in Ireland as tall as this one?" "Ya'as, M'Mither's cabin." "How many rooms had it?" "There was the ateing room, the slaping room, the kitchen room, and the pig pen—four rooms." "That's a story," said the builder. "Ya'as, four stories," says Pat.

Sir Walter Scott's wife, though an excellent and admirable woman, was a matter-of-fact one. One day that he was walking in the fields in early spring he dilated to Lady Scott on the beauties of nature, the verdure, the wild flowers, the playful lambs, etc. "Ah, my dear," said the lady, "you remind me that we must have a nice roast leg of lamb, with mint sauce, for dinner to-morrow!"

An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said his lordship, "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig—he drives it first."

"Do you call them large turnips?" "Why, yes, they are considerably large." "They may be for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day." "And how large was the onion?" "Oh, a monster; it weighed forty pounds." "Forty pounds?" "Yes, we took off the layers, and the sixteenth layer went round a demijohn that held four gallons!" "What a whopper!" "You don't mean to say I tell a falsehood?" "Oh no; what a whopper of an onion, I mean."

Why is the assessor of taxes the best man in the world?—Because he never "underrates" any body.

The worst of all kinds of eye-water is a coquette's tears.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the Capture of Fort Macon, and the Fall of Yorktown, see page 315.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 29, in the Senate, Senator Grimes introduced a bill to provide that the school tax collected from the colored people of the District be applied to the education of colored children. A bill to amend the bill of last session, confiscating slaves, so as to include the wives and children of slaves, was introduced by Senator Wilson. The resolution calling on the Secretary of State for the number and names of persons who have been arrested in the State of Kentucky and confined in forts, etc., in other States, was called up, but no action taken on it. The debate on the confiscation bill was then resumed, and Senator Browning made a speech against it. Senator Cowan moved to refer all the propositions on the subject of confiscation to a select committee, but the motion was not pressed to a vote. Senator Doolittle introduced a bill providing for the collection of taxes in insurrectionary districts.——The House was occupied in a discussion of the Report of the Government Contract Investigating Committee.

On Wednesday, April 30, in the Senate, Senator Wade, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, made a report respecting the barbarous treatment of our soldiers at Manassas. The debate on the Confiscation bill was then renewed, the pending motion being to refer the subject to a select committee. An amendment was offered by Senator Howard, instructing the Committee to bring in a bill confiscating the property of all the leading insurgents, and emancipating the slaves of all persons who have taken up arms against the United States. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, moved to strike out all the part relating to emancipation. Senator Davis's proposition was rejected by yeas 11, nays 29, and Senator Howard withdrew his amendment. Senator Cowan's motion to refer the subject to a select committee was then rejected by a vote of 18 to 22, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Eliot submitted two bills, one to confiscate rebel property and to provide for the payment of the expenses of the present rebellion, and the other to provide for freeing the slaves of all rebels who have taken up arms against the Government. They were referred to the Select Committee on Confiscation. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, asked leave to introduce a resolution of inquiry, to ascertain by what authority General Hunter had issued an order to emancipate slaves in the manner expressed by Messrs. Hutchins, Lovejoy, and others. Objection was made, and the proposition lies over. The resolutions reported by the Contract Investigating Committee were then taken up, and the motion to lay them on the table was rejected by a vote of 17 to 107. The resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to pay $12 50 each, and no more, for five thousand Hall carbines purchased through Simon Stevens by General Frémont, was adopted—123 against 28. The House adopted a resolution censuring Mr. Cameron by a vote of 79 against 45. A resolution censuring Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, was rejected by 45 against 72. The House then went into Committee on the Whole on the Pacific Railroad bill; but not much progress was made upon it.

On Thursday, May 1, in the Senate, a resolution, offered by Senator Davis, of Kentucky, declaring that the war now carried on by the United States of America shall be vigorously prosecuted and continued to compel obedience to Constitutional laws in the limits of every State and Territory by all the citizens and residents thereof, and for no further end whatever, was, on motion of Senator Sumner, laid over. The resolution directing the Military Committee to inquire whether any further legislation is necessary to prevent soldiers and officers from returning fugitive slaves to their owners was called up by Senator Wilson, and Senator Sumner spoke at some length against the action of General Hooker, General M'Cook, General Buell, General Halleck, and the Provost Marshal of Louisville, as regards fugitive slaves. At the expiration of the morning hour the consideration of the Confiscation bill was resumed. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment to the bill, authorizing the President to issue a proclamation and free the slaves of all those who continue in rebellion against the United States thirty days thereafter. The debate continued; but no action was taken on the amendment, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Blair explained the provisions of the bill providing for a Board of Fortifications, to provide for sea-coast and other defenses, and the consideration of the bill was postponed. Bills for the better organization of the Adjutant-General's Department, and to render freedom national and slavery sectional, were reported, the latter by Mr. Lovejoy, from the Committee on Territories. The remainder of the session was spent in Committee of the Whole on the Pacific Railroad bill.

On Friday, May 2, in the Senate, a bill was introduced limiting the number of major-generals of the army to 20, and the number of brigadier-generals to 200. The bill was referred. Senator Sumner gave notice of a bill abolishing the inter-State and coastwise slave traffic. The Homestead bill was taken up, and an amendment adopted excluding from its benefits all persons who have borne arms against the United States, or given aid and comfort to the enemy. Senator Carlile, of Virginia, offered a substitute for the bill, giving officers and soldiers of the army and officers of the navy 160 acres of land at $1 25 per acre, or 80 acres at $2 50 per acre, in lieu of $100 bounty in cash; but without further action the bill was laid aside. A message was received from the President relative to the arrest of General Stone. The President says General Stone was arrested upon evidence which, whether he was guilty or innocent, required that such proceedings should be had against him for the public safety, and that he deems it incompatible with the public interest, as well as unjust to General Stone, to make a more particular statement. General Stone will be allowed a trial without unnecessary delay. The consideration of the Confiscation bill was then resumed, Senators Doolittle, Wade, Collamer, and Saulsbury participating in the debate.——In the House, the Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending with June, 1863. The appropriations amount to the enormous sum of $226,283,000. Mr. Morrill made explanations relating to the charge of intoxication preferred against General W. F. Smith, while in command of the troops in the fight at Lee's Mill, near Yorktown, on the 16th ult., from which it appears that the General is entirely guiltless of the accusation. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, defended General Grant from the aspersions which he said had been cast upon that brave and successful officer; and Mr. Cox declared that the charges brought against certain Ohio regiments that participated in the victory at Pittsburg Landing were groundless.

On Monday, May 5, in the Senate, the bill relative to the number of Major and Brigadier Generals was reported back by the Military Committee, with an amendment fixing the number of Major-Generals at thirty instead of twenty, which was adopted. The bill was then laid over, without action as to the number of Brigadier-Generals. A joint resolution in favor of an exchange of prisoners of war was referred. The Homestead and Confiscation bills were discussed, an executive session held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bill to provide increased revenue from imports, and to pay the interest on the public debt, etc., was passed. Bills indemnifying the people of Kansas for losses and depredations, and for the punishment of treason and the suppression of the rebellion, were introduced and referred. In Committee of the Whole the consideration of the Pacific Railroad bill was resumed. A motion that the Committee rise, and that the bill be postponed till the second Monday in December next, was lost by a vote of 34 against 61. After some debate the amendments were ordered to be printed.

THE OCCUPATION OF YORKTOWN.

Yorktown is ours, with all its defenses, seventy-one heavy guns, and camp equipage. The enemy completed the evacuation of the place on Saturday night, and our troops entered the place four hours after the rear of the rebel army marched out. It is said by deserters that the order for evacuation was decided upon on Wednesday by General Robert Lee and Jeff Davis, who, after a close examination of General M'Clellan's splendid works, came to the conclusion that their own defenses were untenable, and that the army must fall back on a new position. The immediate necessity of the retreat arose from the near approach of General M'Clellan's parallels, and the damaging effect of his siege guns upon the enemy's works. The rebels have fallen back to a point on the Chickahominy Creek, beyond Williamsburg, on the direct line to Richmond; but General M'Clellan's entire force of cavalry and light artillery are in close pursuit of them. General Franklin's division has also been dispatched by boats up the river to West Point, where they must have arrived on 4th, and they will, therefore, be probably soon in the rear of the enemy. Some of our gun-boats went up immediately, and kept a constant fire of shells upon the retreating army. Our troops are also in possession of Gloucester.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S DISPATCH.

The following dispatch was received at Washington on 4th:

Head-quarters Army of Potomac,
May 4—9 a.m.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

We have the ramparts.

We have guns, ammunition, camp equipage, etc.

We hold the entire line of his works, which the engineers report as being very strong.

I have thrown all my cavalry and horse artillery in pursuit, supported by infantry.

I move Franklin's division, and as much more as I can transport by water, up to West Point to-day.

No time shall be lost.

The gun-boats have gone up York River.

I omitted to state that Gloucester is also in our possession. I shall push the enemy to the wall.

G. B. M'Clellan, Major-General.

THE NET RESULT.

General M'Clellan's dispatches state that his troops have thus far taken seventy-one heavy guns, large amounts of tents, ammunition, etc. "All along the lines their works prove to have been most formidable, and I am now fully satisfied of the correctness of the course I have pursued. The success is brilliant, and you may rest assured that its effects will be of the greatest importance. There shall be no delay in following up the rebels, who have been guilty of the most murderous and barbarous conduct, in placing torpedoes within the abandoned works, near wells and springs, and near flag-staffs, magazines, telegraph offices, in carpet bags, barrels of flour, etc. We have not lost many men in this manner—some four or five killed, and perhaps a dozen wounded. I shall make the prisoners remove them at their own peril."

THE REBEL REAR-GUARD CAUGHT.

General Stoneman's cavalry force overtook the rear of the rebels on Sunday afternoon, and forced them to an encounter which, in more than one instance, was hand to hand. The artillery on both sides were engaged for a short time, but in the end the rebel cavalry were forced by our men to abandon their position. The want of infantry prevented our men from advancing on the enemy's works; and it being evident that it was useless to attempt further operations, the troops fell back about two hundred yards to await the arrival of infantry, which soon after arrived, but it was deemed advisable to defer further operations until the next morning. It was expected that Williamsburg would then be occupied, as the rebels were still in full retreat.

EVACUATION OF WILLIAMSBURG.

On Monday, May 5, there was a very severe fight, in which General Hancock and his brigade covered themselves with glory. The rebel loss was very heavy. On Tuesday General Johnston evacuated Williamsburg, and fled with all his force toward Richmond. General M'Clellan and his army are following in close pursuit.

GENERAL FRANKLIN'S ADVANCE.

General Franklin's division, in transports and the gun-boats, have arrived at West Point and destroyed the railroad bridge. It is reported that they have captured several transports and a large number of prisoners.

SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

From Southern papers received at Fortress Monroe we learn that Commodore Farragut's propositions to surrender New Orleans had been accepted by the Mayor, Mr. Monroe, and the city of New Orleans was at last accounts held by a battalion of marines from the squadron. General Butler's forces have reached the city, having landed on Lake Pontchartrain.

THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.

The papers have published the correspondence which occurred between Commodore Farragut and Mr. Monroe, Mayor of New Orleans, on the appearance of our mortar fleet before that city. The Commodore's letter is a blunt and sailor-like demand for the unconditional surrender of the city; for the hoisting of the Union flag over the City Hall, Mint, and Custom-house, and the removal of all flags emblematic of any other sovereignty than that of the United States. He requests that the Mayor shall restore order, quell disturbance, and call upon all good citizens to return to their avocations, promising protection to all such, but commanding that no one shall be molested for expressing sentiments of loyalty to the Government, or exhibiting evidences of pleasure at witnessing "the old flag" once more flying over the city. Upon this point the words of Commodore Farragut are very emphatic. He says: "I shall speedily and severely punish any person or persons who shall commit such outrages as were witnessed yesterday by armed men firing upon helpless women and children for giving expression to their pleasure at witnessing the 'old flag.'" The Mayor responds in an utterly absurd and bombastic communication, in which he admits the impossibility of resistance, as the army upon which he depended has deserted him; but he refuses to haul down the secession flags, and declares, in the name of the people, that their allegiance to the rebel Government remains intact despite the necessity of yielding to the conquerors.

PORTS TO BE REOPENED.

It is announced by Secretary Seward that Mr. Lincoln will very soon issue a proclamation declaring all the leading ports of the South open to the trade of the world, upon which event the restoration of the commerce of the country as it existed *ante bellum* may be expected, and the most mischievous efforts of the rebellion be at an end. The circulars issued by Mr. Seward to the foreign ministers, opening the mail communications with the Southern ports, are but the preliminaries of the President's proclamation declaring the reconstruction of commercial relations with the South.

A COLLECTOR FOR NEW ORLEANS.

A Collector of Customs for New Orleans, in the person of Mr. Charles L. Lathrop, has already been appointed and confirmed by the Senate. Mr. Lathrop was formerly a resident of New Orleans, but left that city on the outbreak of the rebellion, being a sterling Union man.

AFFAIRS AT CORINTH.

Important events are expected to occur immediately in the vicinity of Corinth. A reconnoissance was on 3d pushed in the direction of Corinth, which found the enemy, 4500 strong, at Farmington, with four pieces. Our forces immediately attacked them, and after a sharp skirmish carried the position in fine style, compelling the rebels to abandon every thing, leaving thirty dead on the field. Our cavalry then pushed through to Booneville, took possession of the town, tore up the railroad track there, and destroyed the bridges. Our loss in this gallant affair is only two killed and twelve wounded.

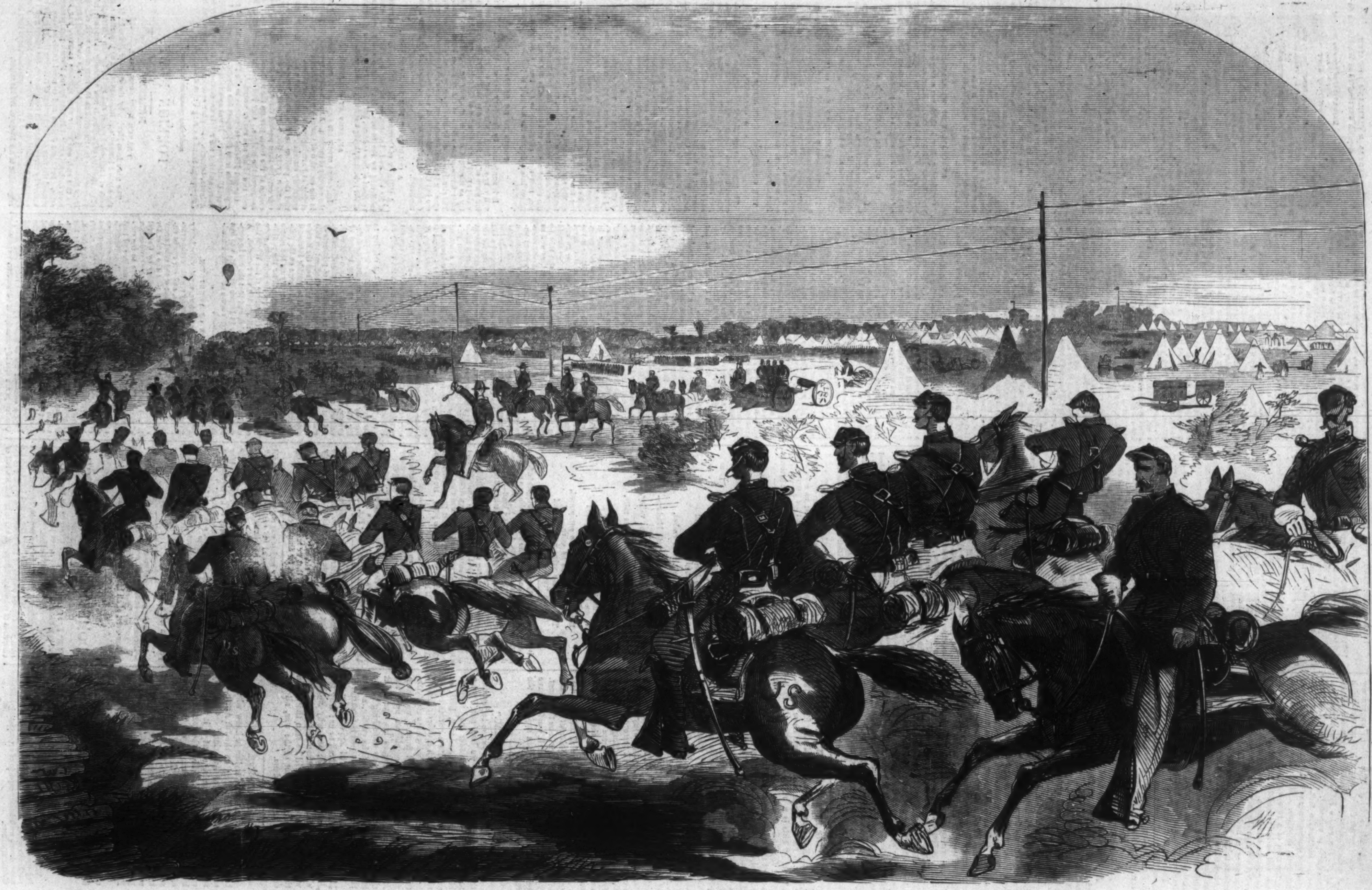
General Mitchel telegraphs to the Department that an expedition from Bridgeport has advanced twelve miles toward Chattanooga. It was ascertained that a panic exists there, and that the rebels are moving all their property to Atlanta, Georgia. Another expedition had penetrated to Jasper, and found a strong Union sentiment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

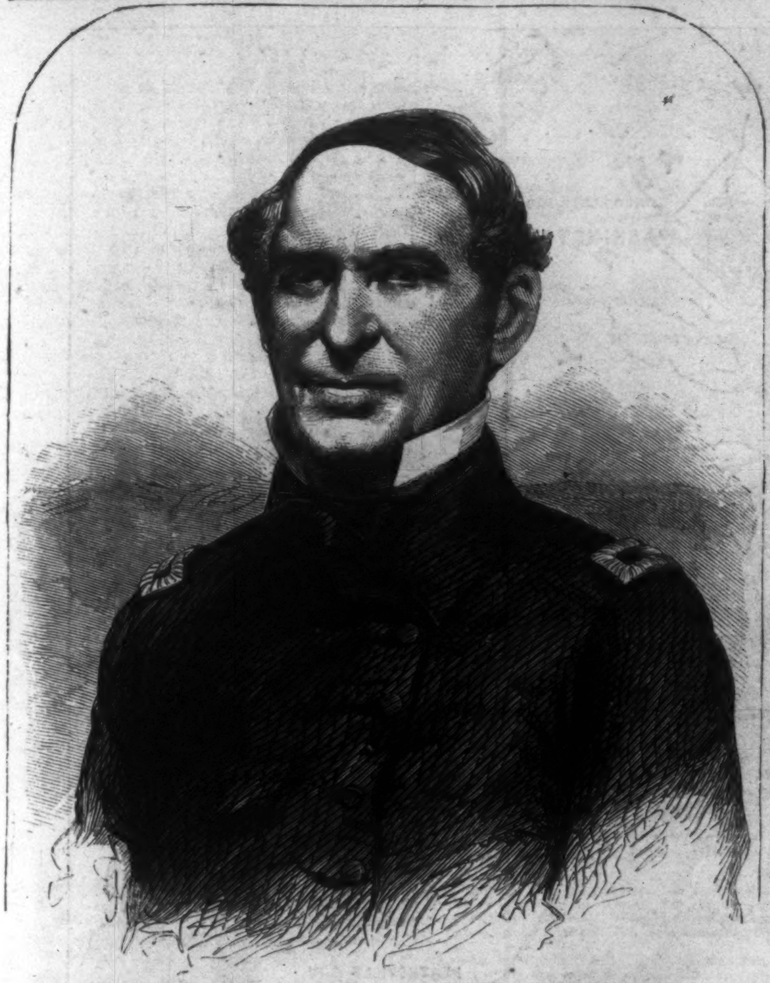
MEXICO.

FRANCE DECLARES WAR.

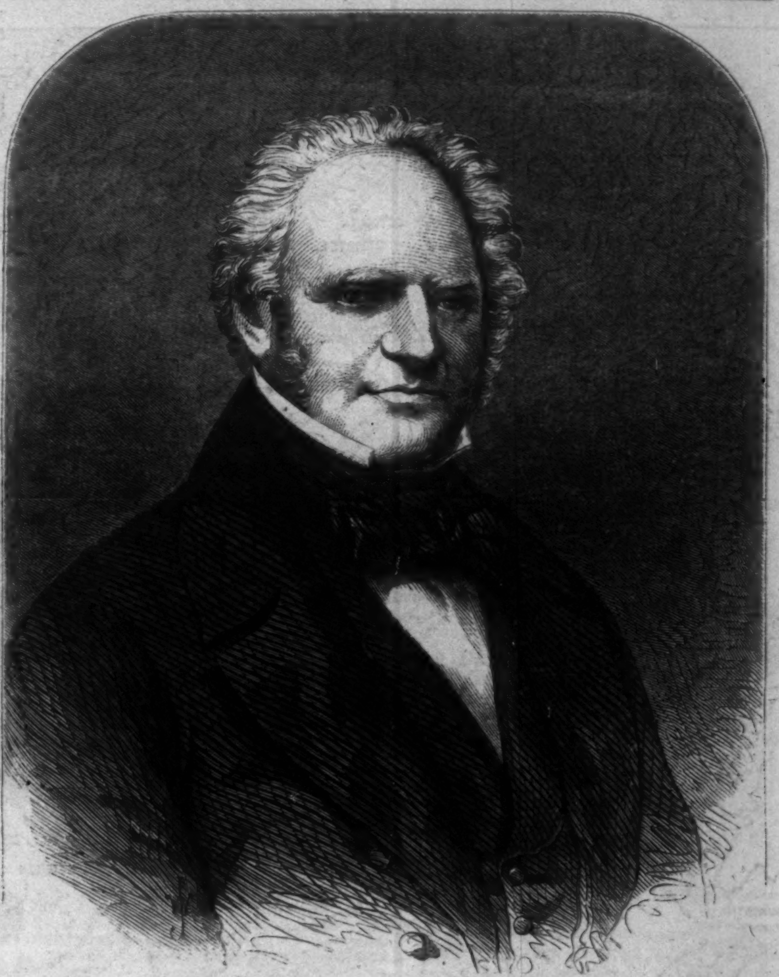
The news from Mexico, by the steamer *Roanoke*, is of the highest interest and importance. The tripartite alliance of England, France, and Spain, for the destruction of the liberties of Mexico, is now virtually at an end; but France alone has undertaken the hazardous work of forcing a monarchical government upon the unwilling people. To this end, and under very specious excuses, war has been declared against Mexico by the French plenipotentiaries. President Juarez and General Doblado have expressed the firm determination of resisting their Gallic invaders by every means in their power, but offering still to continue negotiations with the Spanish and English. General Lorencez, the new French commander, says that he is responsible to his Emperor for his action.



THE UNION CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY STARTING IN PURSUIT OF THE REBELS UP THE YORKTOWN TURNPIKE.—Sketched by Mr. W. Homer.—[See Page 315.]



COMMODORE FARRAGUT.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLMES, 264 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]



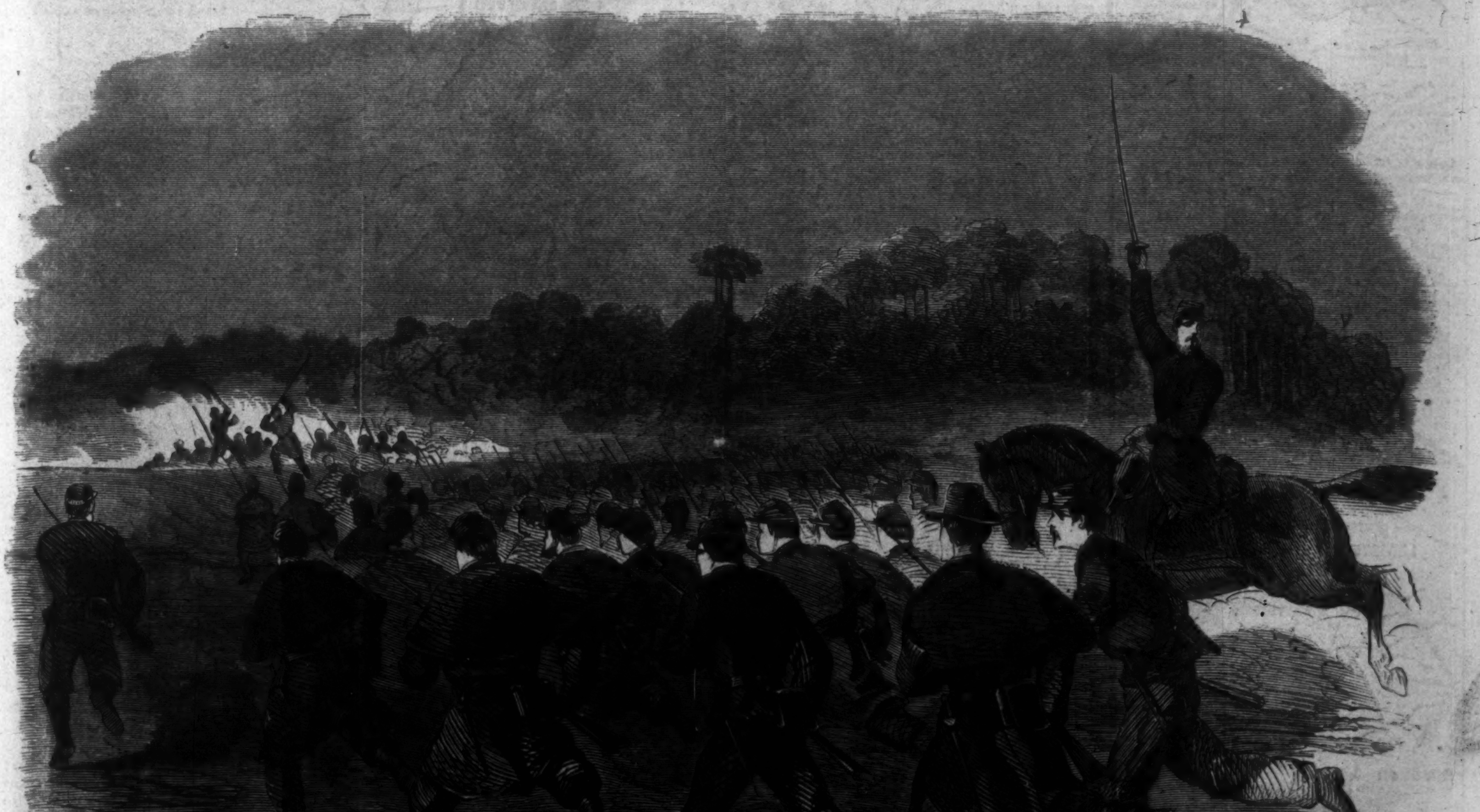
GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

COMMODORE FARRAGUT, U.S.N.

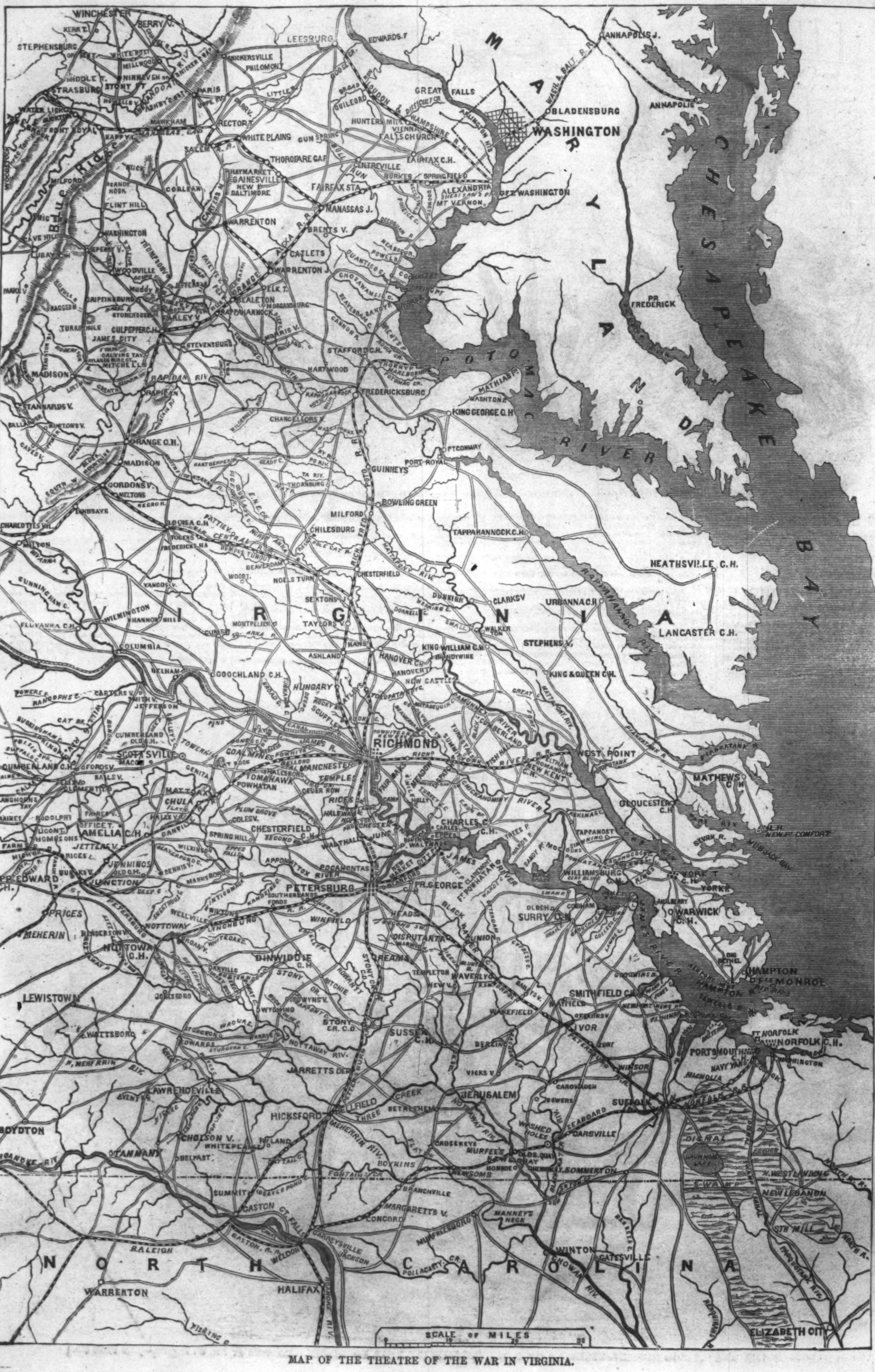
FLAG-OFFICER DAVID G. FARRAGUT, the Commodore of the fleet now before New Orleans, is a native of the State of Tennessee, and is about sixty-three years of age. He is a citizen of his native State, and was appointed to the United States Navy from that State. He entered the service as a midshipman when a mere child, his warrant bearing date December 17, 1810. He was first on board the *Essex*, under the redoubtable Commodore David Porter, and served with him also in the expedition around Cape Horn in 1813. After ten years of an adventurous life, in the year 1820 we find him still a midshipman on board the *Franklin*, a seventy-four-gun line-of-battle ship. On the 13th of January, 1825, he was commissioned a lieutenant.

In 1851 Lieutenant Farragut was ordered to act as Assistant Inspector of Ordnance, being second in command under Commodore Skinner. This position he held until after the end of the year 1853. Another field was at this time opened to the subject of our sketch by the establishment of a new Navy-yard at Mare's Island, near San Francisco, California. Commander Farragut, then standing No. 18 on the list, was ordered to the chief command of this post, and became commandant of the new yard. In 1858 he was ordered to the command of the steam sloop *Brooklyn*, a twenty-five-gun vessel, forming a portion of the Home Squadron under Flag-Officer M'Cluney. He was, however, removed from this command during the month of May, 1860, after being on board of the vessel over twenty months. When the present expedition was fitted out Captain Farragut was appointed by the Navy Department as its Flag-Officer, and, judging by the reports that have reached us, he has bravely filled the position, and added one more sprig to the already heavy laurel wreath won by the navy of the United States.

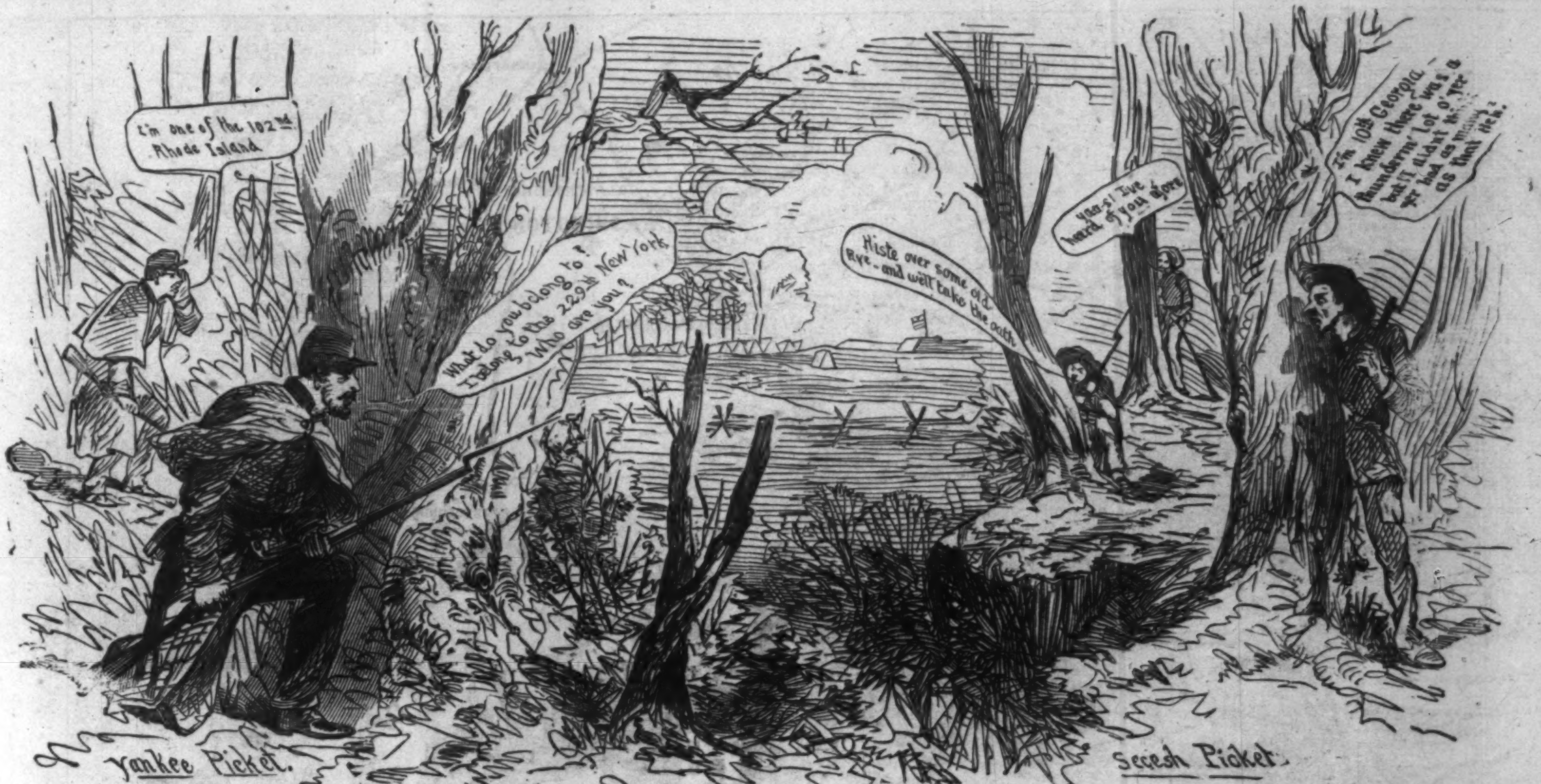
Commodore Farragut is still an active and comparatively young-looking man. He has been twice married, the last time to the niece of George Loyall, Buchanan's Navy Agent at Norfolk, and one who is reported as bitter a secessionist as any in that vicinity.



CHARGE OF THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT ON A REBEL RIFLE PIT NEAR YORKTOWN.—SKETCHED BY MR. W. HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 315.]


MARYLAND
CHESAPEAKE BAY
POTOMAC RIVER
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
WINCHESTER
BERRYV.
STEPHENSBURG
STRASBURG
STONY PT.
FRONT ROYAL
BLUE RIDGE
LEESBURG
EDWARDS F.
ANNAPOLIS J.
ANNAPOLIS
GREAT FALLS
BLADENSBURG
WASHINGTON
HUNTERS MILL
VIENNA
FALLS CHURCH
RECTOR T.
WHITE PLAINS
THOROFARE GAP
CENTREVILLE
FAIRFAX C.H.
SPRINGFIELD
HAYMARKET
GAINESVILLE
NEW BALTIMORE
FAIRFAX STA.
MANASSAS J.
ALEXANDRIA
FT. WASHINGTON
MT. VERNON
FLINT HILL
WARRENTON
BRENTS V.
CATLETS
WARRENTON J.
WASHINGTON
WOODVILLE
CULPEPPER C.H.
JAMES CITY
STEVENSBURG
PR. FREDERICK
STAFFORD C.H.
HARTWOOD
FREDERICKSBURG
MADISON
RAPIDAN RIV.
CHANCELLORSV.
KING GEORGE C.H.
MATHIAS PT.
ORANGE C.H.
GORDONSV.
PORT ROYAL
GUINNEYS
BOWLING GREEN
MILFORD
CHILESBURG
TAPPAHANNOCK C.H.
LOUISA C.H.
HEATHSVILLE C.H.
CHARLOTTESVILLE
CHESTERFIELD
CLARKSV.
URBANNA C.H.
LANCASTER C.H.
WILMINGTON
COLUMBIA
ASHLAND
HANOVER C.H.
KING WILLIAM C.H.
STEPHENSV.
KING & QUEEN C.H.
GOOCHLAND C.H.
NEW CASTLE
RICHMOND
MANCHESTER
WEST POINT
NEW KENT
MATHEWS C.H.
SCOTTSVILLE
CUMBERLAND C.H.
POWHATAN
CHICKAHOMINY RIVER
GLOUCESTER C.H.
NEW PT. COMFORT
AMELIA C.H.
CHESTERFIELD C.H.
CHARLES C.H.
WILLIAMSBURG
YORKTOWN
JAMES RIVER
PETERSBURG
PR. GEORGE
SURRY C.H.
WARWICK C.H.
BIG BETHEL
HAMPTON
FORT MONROE
NOTTOWAY C.H.
DINWIDDIE C.H.
DISPUTANTA
WAVERLY
SMITHFIELD C.H.
LEWISTOWN
SUSSEX C.H.
WAKEFIELD
IVOR
NORFOLK
FT. NORFOLK
PORTSMOUTH
NAVY YARD
JARRETTS DEP.
LAWRENCEVILLE
JERUSALEM
SUFFOLK
BOYDTON
HICKSFORD
BELLFIELD
DISMAL SWAMP
GASTON
WELDON
MURFREESBORO
WINTON
GATESVILLE
HALIFAX
WARRENTON
ELIZABETH CITY
CHOWAN RIV.
ROANOKE RIV.
SCALE OF MILES
10 20 30

MAP OF THE THEATRE OF THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.


I'm one of the 102nd Rhode Island
What do you belong to? I belong to the 229th New York. Who are you?
Histe over some old Rye—and we'll take the oath
Yaas! I've heard of you afore
I'm 10th Georgia—I knew there was a thunderin' lot o' yer but I didn't think yer had as many as that here.
Yankee Picket.
Secesh Picket.

PICKETS CONVERSING BEFORE YORKTOWN—A COMMON SCENE.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD OF THE VERMONT BRIGADE.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

OUR FLEET IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

OUR correspondent with Commodore Farragut's fleet in the Mississippi sends us a large picture of the entrance of that fleet into the river, which we reproduce on pages 312 and 313. It will give the beholder some idea of the strength of the expedition—the largest, it is believed, ever collected under our flag. Our correspondent enumerates the fleet as follows:

Flag-ship *Hartford*, twenty-six guns, Captain Richard Wainwright; Executive officer, Lieutenant J. S. Thornton.

Steam sloop *Brooklyn*, twenty-six guns, Captain Thomas T. Craven; Executive officer, Lieutenant R. B. Lowry.

Steam sloop *Richmond*, twenty-eight guns, Captain James Alden.

Steam sloop *Mississippi*, sixteen guns, Captain M. Smith; Executive officer, Lieutenant Dewey.

Steam sloop *Varuna*, ten guns, Captain Charles S. Boggs.

Steam sloop *Pensacola*, twenty-four guns, Captain Henry W. Morris; Executive officer, Lieutenant Francis Roe.

Steam sloop *Oneida*, eleven guns, Commander S. Phillips Lee; Executive officer, Lieutenant Sicord.

Steam sloop *Iroquois*, nine guns, Commander John De Camp; Executive officer, David B. Harmony.

Gun-boat *Westfield*, six guns, Captain William B. Renshaw.

Gun-boat *Katahdin*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding George Preble.

Gun-boat *Pinola*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding Crosby.

Gun-boat *Cayuga*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding Napoleon Harrison.

Gun-boat *Clifton*, five guns.

Gun-boat *Itasca*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding C. H. B. Caldwell.

Gun-boat *Kennebec*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding John Russell.

Gun-boat *Kanawha*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding John Febiger.

Gun-boat *Sciota*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding Edward Donaldson.

Gun-boat *Miami*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding A. D. Harrell.

Gun-boat *Owasco*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding John Guest.

Gun-boat *Winona*, four guns, Lieutenant Commanding Edward T. Nichols; Executive officer, John G. Walker.

Gun-boat *Wissahickon*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding Albert N. Smith.

Gun-boat *Kineo*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding George H. Ransom.

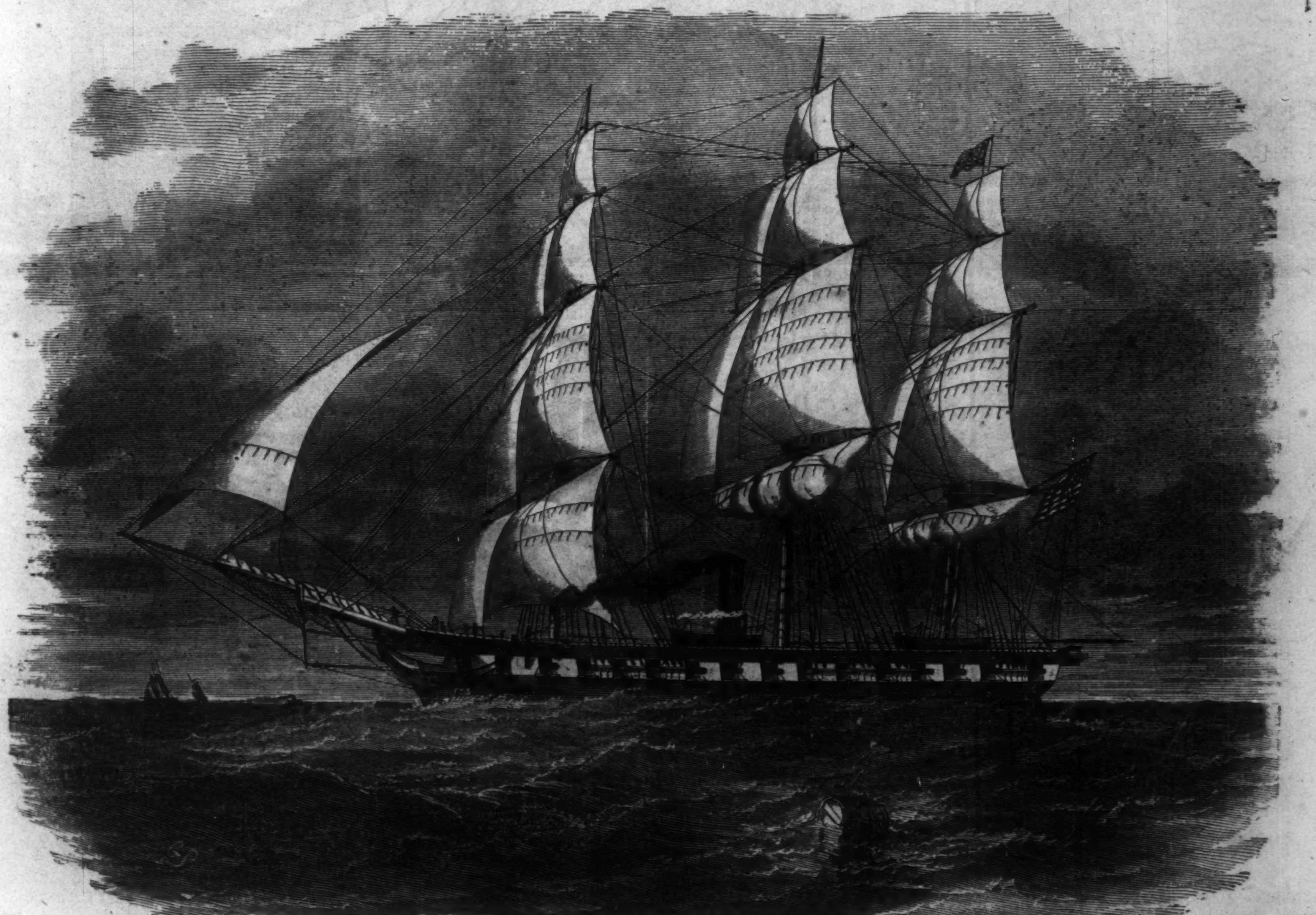
Schooner *Kittatinny*, nine guns, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Lamson.

Gun-boat *Harriet Lane*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding J. M. Wainwright, with Commander David D. Porter, who has twenty-one schooners, composing "Porter's mortar fleet," each carrying a heavy mortar and two 32-pound guns.

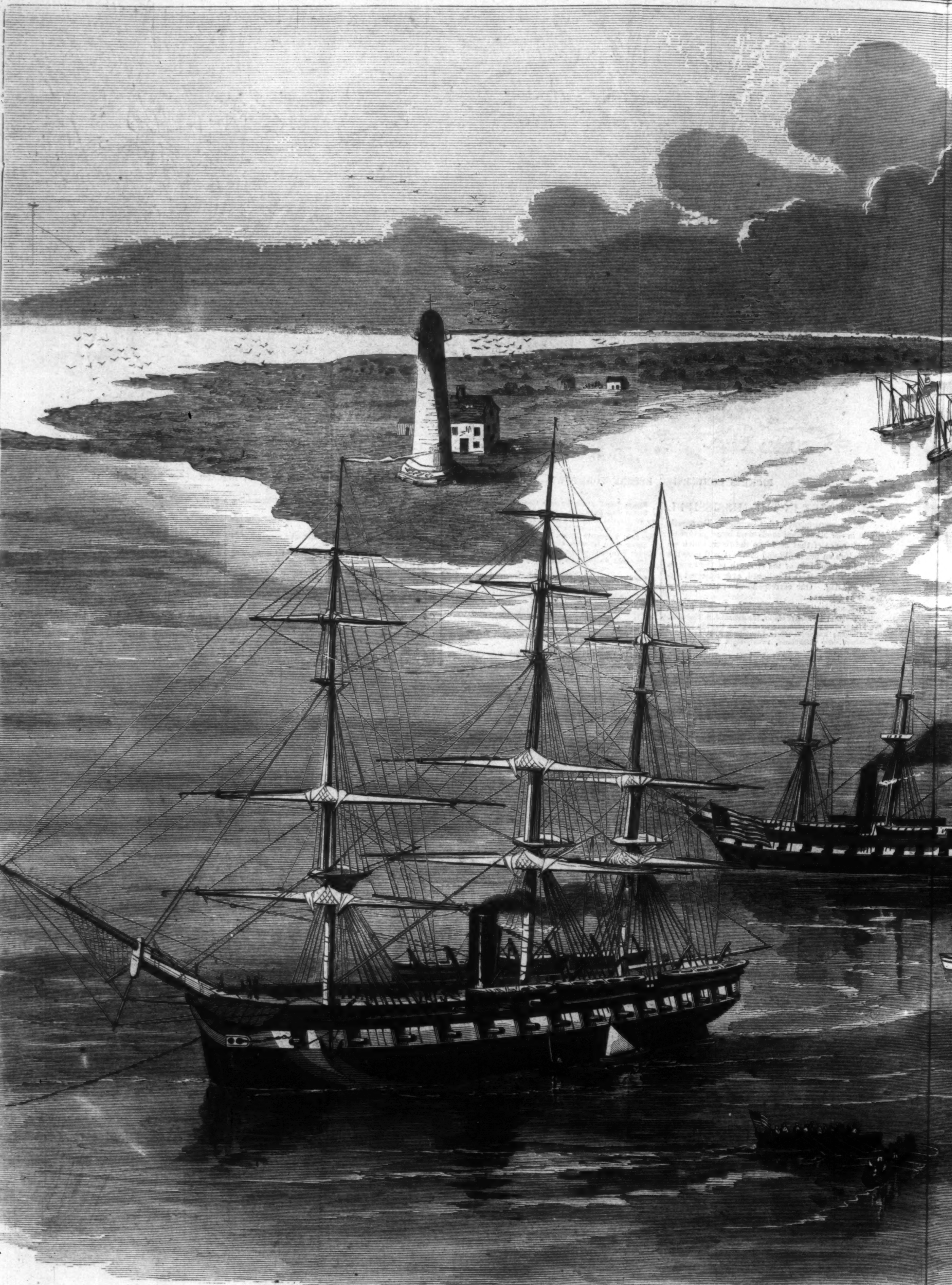
The fleet thus far, therefore, consists of forty-six sail, carrying two hundred and eighty-six guns, and twenty-one mortars, the whole under command of Flag-Officer D. S. Farragut—Henry H. Bell, Flag-Captain.

The *Mississippi* and the *Pensacola* grounded on the bar, and were towed off by tugs. The *Colorado* was unable to cross.

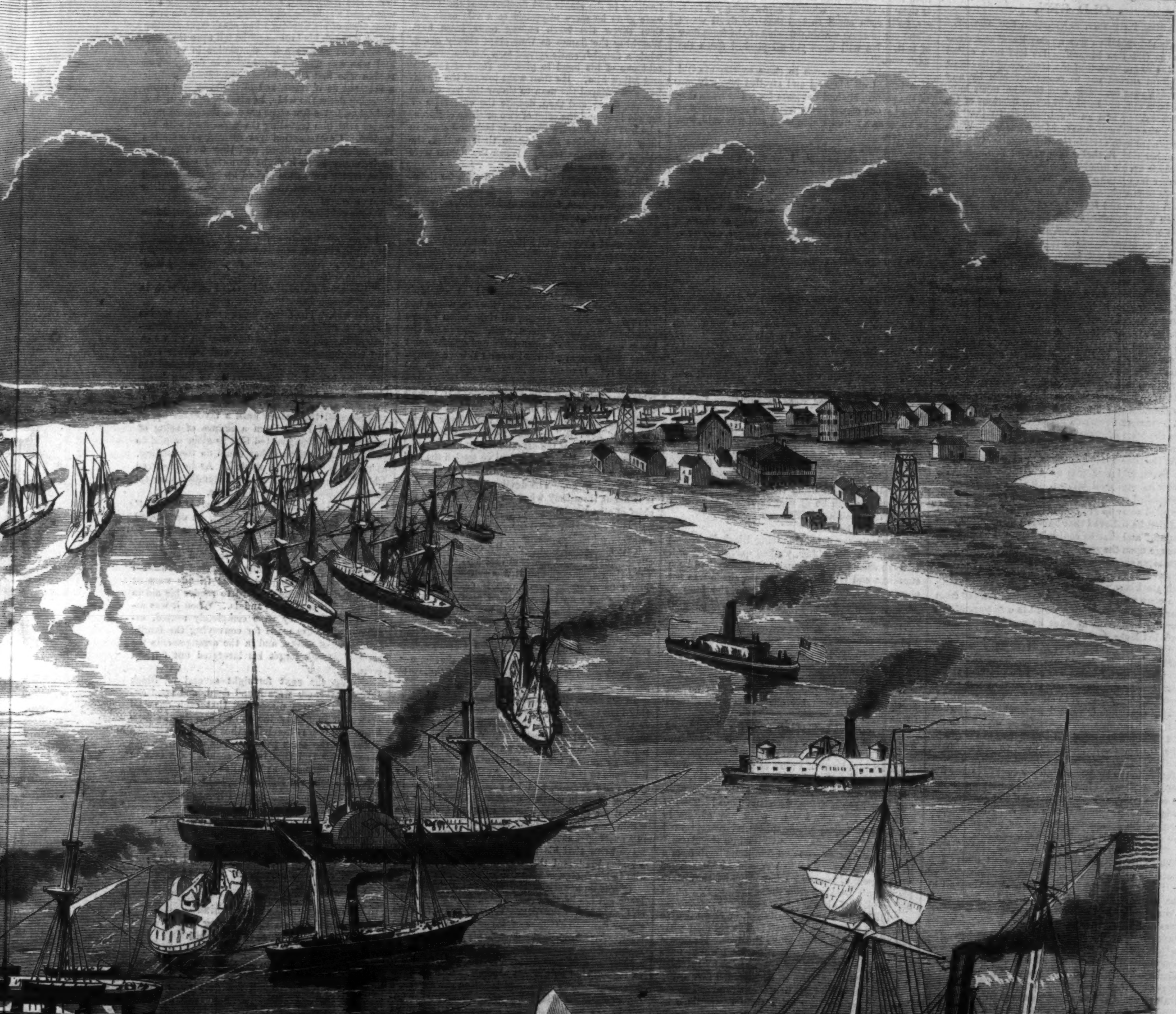
Of the *Hartford* herself, which is hardly seen with distinctness in our large picture in consequence of her being in the advance of the fleet, we give a separate illustration on this page. She is a noble ship, and Commodore Farragut may well be proud of her.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "HARTFORD," COMMODORE FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP, WHICH LED THE SQUADRON UP THE MISSISSIPPI.


Light-house on Southwest Pass.
Colorado, 40 Guns.
Pensacola on the Bar.

COMMODORE FARRAGUT'S SQUADRON AND CAPTAIN PORTER'S MORTAR FLEET ENTERIN



Westfield.
Porter's Mortar Fleet.
Mississippi on the Bar.
Harriet Lane.
Connecticut, 8 Guns.
Clifton.
Banona.

RING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "MISSISSIPPI."—[SEE PAGE 311.]

OLD BEN,

THE SCOUT OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

How old Old Ben was no one knew exactly—not even Old Ben himself. He had been called Old Ben so far back that the memory of the oldest inhabitant served not to remember him by any other designation. Ben said that he must have been born old, for he had dim recollections of his mother calling him an "old-fashioned feller" before he was big enough to weed the garden. When he arrived at man's estate the girls invariably called him either Old Bachelor Ben or Old Ben. So he had made up his mind to one thing, and that was he never was young Ben. He was never known to have been sick, except it was that he had "the cussed shakes and fever a spell." With that exception he had never invested much in patent medicines or other doctor's stuff, and was consequently a vigorous man, standing firm in his boots. He was tall and had not much flesh to spare, but he often remarked that it "tuk a lean hoss for a long race, and he was one on 'em." He knew the Mississippi, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers, he said, better than he did his Testament, and had acquired considerable fame for his skill at the oar and the wheel. He was the man to take a craft safe through a shute or over dangerous places, and for that duty was still preferred to others many years his junior. As for old Tennessee, he knew every inch of her "sile," and on that "p'int" he wouldn't yield a notch to any man living or dead. His courage was known to be of the right stripe, and he was set down as a tough old knot that would turn the edge of many a bright axe if an attempt was made to split him.

At the time the hurricane of rebellion swept over the State, Old Ben was on a visit to Knoxville, where he was well known. The many outrages perpetrated upon those who refused to succumb to the rebel sway so aroused his ire that he at length said that he believed that he was beginning to turn "injun," and that he couldn't die until he had had revenge upon the scaly varmints, who, he asserted, were mean enough to cut their grandmothers' throats for the sake of getting what the old women had in their stockings. One night he had been listening to a chap who he knew as a briefless lawyer from Clarksville haranguing a crowd in a bar-room, and growing indignant at what he considered the fellow's insolence, he interrupted him with,

"See here, stranger, yer kin talk jest like clockwork about them cussed abolishunists—and every one knows that I hates 'em as I do pizen—but I'll jest bet yer drinks for the crowd that yer never owned a nigger for 'em to steal."

This challenge from Old Ben, which somewhat staggered the speaker, was received with much secret satisfaction by several Union men of the group who, from necessity, were obliged to conceal their sentiments, and created a general laugh. It was a few minutes before the lawyer could recover his self-possession. He then drew himself up to assume as great a degree of dignity as possible, and fixing what he intended as a withering look on Old Ben, while a contemptuous smile played around the corners of his mouth, he said,

"Old man, I suppose you are some of the Union rubbish that has not yet been swept out of the State."

"Thar yer right. I'm Union clear through to the marrow, and if I had my way I'd hang up a few such chaps as you ar', who never work, but ar' everlastin' smellin' around for some office, and who have brought all this trouble on the country. Yer ar' now goin' about deceivin' honest people—tellin' 'em that the whole North ar' agoin' to turn nigger stealers, and that the only way for Southern men to perfect that property is for 'em to dissolve the Union and 'stablish a one hoss consarn, with such one hoss chaps as you at the head of it. I'd hang yer up without judge or jury. That would be the quickest way to settle the mischief yer have made."

A loud braying from some of the converts to the new doctrines greeted the remarks of Old Ben. But nothing daunted thereat, he exclaimed,

"Yer may bray jest as much as yer a mind to. But yer kin remembar that jackasses do the same thing. And any one who jines the secession crew ain't fit to be named the same day with a jackass. Them's my sentiments, and I don't care who knows 'em."

"Look out, Old Ben! You'll be talkin' treason next, and then you'll be arrested," said one of the crowd who sympathized with the rebels, yet was very friendly with Old Ben.

"Treason!" ejaculated the lawyer. "He has been doing nothing else but talking treason, and should be arrested forthwith."

"Oh no; Old Ben won't do any harm!" exclaimed another secessionist, who did not wish to see the old man molested.

"You've arrested a good many honest people who never harmed any one, and I expect my turn will come one of these days," replied Old Ben.

"You may depend upon that!" exclaimed the lawyer. "It won't be long before you are elevated!" and here he gave a peculiar jerk with the hand which he held near his neck. "If you don't mend your manners you will go up soon, old man."

Old Ben was about to reply, but was interrupted by the entrance of a man, followed by a number of others, who called the lawyer one side, and then entered into a low but earnest conversation with him. The new-comer was a thick-set, brutal-looking man, with a face well covered with heavy black hair. He was generally known as Black Dave, and his business had been that of a negro-trader; but he was now at the head of a band of ruffians who, under his direction, had been guilty of many acts of barbarism. The lawyer was a sort of lieutenant and adviser to the band. Old Ben pointed to the spot where they stood, and said,

"Some dirty business is afloat, I reckon, when two such chaps get together. One on 'em, who never owned a nigger or enough money to pay his licker bill, talks about the 'North stealin' *our* niggers!' Them's his words. The other one has run off more niggers, and sold 'em down South, than the abolishunists have stolen these ten years. If them ar' the chaps what ar' agoin' to be yer leaders, ye'll soon smell so bad that the devil won't allow yer to come within rifle-shot of the front door of hell. He will have yer all pitched down the back way!"

After giving utterance to these sentiments Old Ben turned on his heel and strolled leisurely out of the room. He had not gone far ere he was overtaken by one of the party from the bar-room, who he knew as a sound Union man, and who said, in a low tone,

"You will have to be very careful of yourself after what you have said. I overheard Black Dave tell the other that your case would be attended to shortly."

"They'll attend to me shortly, will they, eh?" ejaculated Old Ben. "Then, I say, let 'em come on! I'll cling to the Union as long as thar's a splinter left! I can't live much longer, any way, but while I do live I'll live like a man!"

"You are well acquainted with the mountains, are you not?"

"Reckon I am."

"You know that a great many Union men, who have been driven from their homes, have been obliged to seek a hiding-place there until such times as the Union army gets this way."

"Yes, I know it; and what is more, I'm agoin' to make one on 'em. I itch to have a little vengeance on them scaly varmints. If the Union men about here had more of the Parson's stuff in 'em we'd make screechin' work among them turkey-buzzards."

"But you can't expect all men to be Brownlows. His very boldness awed them for a while, but you see they are getting over that now. Men have to be prudent for the sake of their families. If you will come up to my house to-morrow night you well hear something that will do you good, and how you can be of vast service to the Union men in this vicinity. Will you come?"

"Yes; I'll be thar!"

Old Ben's companion noticing Black Dave and the lawyer approaching, walked quickly forward. It was rather a secluded spot where they had been standing, and Old Ben being in the shade was not observed by either Black Dave or the lawyer. They halted, and Black Dave, with great gesticulation, said,

"I've sworn to have vengeance on the old cuss, and now is my time! He didn't think that I was good enough for his daughter. If it hadn't been for him I believe I could have got the girl; but as I've lost her, I'm bent upon having my pay."

"What do you propose to do? Has he got much that we could lay our hands upon?" said the lawyer.

"We'll go out to his place toward midnight, and drag the old hound out of his nest. If I once fairly get him in my power I'll make him sing psalms. I will let him know if I ain't as good as any of his breed! He has got a couple of fine horses; we'll take them any how. But come, let us go back now and have a drink with the boys! They'll miss us. You see, I don't want any of 'em to know where we are agoing to. It might get talked about, and some Hessian spy give him the alarm."

As they disappeared Old Ben came forth from a hiding-place where he had ensconced himself for the purpose of learning what mischief they were planning. Looking after the retreating figures, he muttered, half aloud,

"I'll head off them devils yet, or else I'll give 'em leave to call me a skunk! The old man whar right in showing Black Dave the door. He should have kicked him out. That's what I would have done. But I'll head off the villains! I'll head 'em off!" he ejaculated, as he hastened forward.

Black Dave and his lieutenant returned to the bar-room, where they with their companions indulged in a drunken revel. Toward midnight he got together some ten or a dozen of those who were the least intoxicated, and started out on his work of vengeance.

This band of "defenders of the rights of Southern men," as they styled themselves, had proceeded a considerable distance from the tavern when their commander ordered them to halt in front of a modest-looking dwelling, surrounded by pleasant grounds. He then addressed them as follows:

"Boys! now we are about to catch one of the blackest-hearted traitors in the South. He is a regular white-livered Lincolnite, and it ain't to be expected that we will show him much mercy. So, follow me!"

Black Dave then opened the gate and went toward the house, followed by his band. He gave several loud raps on the door with the butt of a pistol, and it not being promptly opened, he applied the heel of his heavy boot and administered a number of lusty kicks. The door was at length opened by rather an elderly female, who had a light in her hand. As soon as Black Dave caught a glimpse of her countenance he said, in a gruff voice,

"We want your old man. Tell him to turn out quick, and not to keep us a-waiting."

"He is not at home," was the mild response.

"You lie! we know better! If you don't turn him out we'll go in and drag him out!"

"I assure you, Sir, that he is not in the house."

"Come, boys, follow me! We won't put up with any of the old woman's nonsense."

Black Dave, as he uttered these words, entered the house, accompanied by several of his followers. After a lapse of a few minutes he returned, with a countenance blacker than usual, exclaiming,

"The old hound has run away, boys; but the black-hearted traitor don't escape my vengeance so easy. Just throw a torch in the barn yonder."

"Oh! do not fire the place! Have some mercy for the family!" entreated the old lady.

"What is the family to me? I wasn't good enough to make one of them! They are a brood of traitors, the whole of them, and if you don't want 'em roasted you had better turn 'em out!"

After giving utterance to these brutal words he strode off toward the outbuildings, seizing a torch from one of his followers as he passed along. Looking in the stable and finding that the horses were gone he gave utterance to a vile oath, and then threw the torch among some loose hay. Watching the flames as they crept slowly along, while a fiendish smile spread over his features, he told one of his band to pick up some of the hay and follow him. He then went toward the dwelling, and ordered the man to throw the hay on the kitchen floor; and then, despite the entreaties of the old lady and the cries of two or three children, who had been hurried from their beds and stood in their night-clothes clinging to their mother, the ruffian applied the torch. When the flames were fairly under way he said,

"Come on, boys! Leave 'em to shift for themselves. Let us see if we can't track the old hound."

The ruffian then, followed by his band, retreated down the road, turning occasionally to behold the flames as they licked up that once happy home.

The next evening Old Ben was prompt to his appointment, and as he listened to the narration of the outrage to a party of Union men, he exclaimed, as his countenance glowed with excitement,

"The miserable, scaly buzzards! I wouldn't a thought they'd gone so far; they're worse nor injuns! I reckoned it whar all right when I gave him the alarm and he got safe off. But to fire the house and turn the wimen folks and children out doors that time of night—I swar I'll have vengeance for it! It mout not be quite reg'lar, but yer kin jest sot Old Ben down for Black Dave and that white-livered skunk from Clarksville. If I don't fix thar flint for 'em then I won't trust bullet and powder any more. Thar's no use of yer sayin' any thin' agin it," he said, as he raised up his hand toward one of the assembly, who he supposed was about to remonstrate, "for I've settled the hull matter. It's no knowin' what they'll do next, so they've got to go. The devil wants his due, and it is about time they whar on the road to see the chief of all secessionists."

"It is what they deserve!" ejaculated one of the party.

This sentiment was generally concurred in by the assembly. The affairs of that part of the State were then discussed, and it was considered that it would be of great importance if communication could be kept up between the Union men in the mountains and those who yet remained at home. For the performance of this duty they all agreed that Old Ben, from his thorough knowledge of that region, was peculiarly qualified. He at once consented to act, but put in as a proviso that he was not to be deprived of the privilege of attending to the case of Black Dave and his lieutenant.

In the mean time Black Dave, intent upon glutting his vengeance, set his spies to work to discover the whereabouts of the man whose homestead he had so ruthlessly destroyed. A number of days passed, and the spies were unable to give any satisfactory report, other than that they thought he had gone to the mountains. At this Black Dave's rage grew furious, and he swore that he would seek revenge in another quarter. The fate he intended for the father should be visited upon the son-in-law, his successful rival, who was settled in a quiet spot some miles from Knoxville. Black Dave knew that his rival was suspected of being a Union man, and that was a sufficient cloak for him in his design of villainy.

It was on a dark and gloomy night that Black Dave got his band of ruffians together and set out on his work of Vandalism. We will not detain the reader with an account of his progress along the road. Arriving at the house, his summons was answered by a trembling black servant, who, in answer to a furious demand for his master, stammered out that he was not at home. The desperado's quick eye at once detected from the servant's manner that he was endeavoring to conceal something, and he immediately ordered his lieutenant to search the house. This duty the lieutenant performed in a style worthy of his leader. The wife, notwithstanding her delicate health, was brutally told to point out where her husband was hid, as they wanted to give him a rope elevation. All feelings of humanity were set at naught, and the search was made in the most brutal and reckless manner. But it proved fruitless. The intended victim, hearing the noise of the band as they approached, at once suspected their object, and, at the solicitation of his wife, consented to secrete himself, and succeeded in making his escape.

Black Dave fairly foamed with rage when he heard that he was again foiled—that his rival could not be found.

"The sneaking cur is hid somewhere!" he exclaimed. "But I'll smoke him and his brood out. Fire the house, boys!"

Even the entreaties of her whom he once professed to love failed to stay the hand of the incendiary. Black Dave was inexorable. The torch was applied, and soon the flames began to creep along—slowly at first, as if gathering strength, and then suddenly they darted up their forked tongues and enveloped the whole building in a fiery circle. The flames, reflected by the heavy atmosphere, shed a brilliant light over the surrounding country. For a while Black Dave stood gazing upon his work, while a sort of hellish malignity spread itself over his features, totally unmoved by the cries of the terror-stricken women and children. He then ordered the servant whom he had first seen to be tied to a wheel of a large wagon, and lashed until he revealed the whereabouts of his master. For Black Dave to order was to be obeyed, and the trembling black was immediately seized, tied, and flogged. The blows fell fast and heavy, but the faithful black, notwithstanding the blood streamed down his back, refused to betray his master. The ruffian who administered the blows paused for a moment as if to take breath, which his leader observing, he shouted,

"Give the black dog another dose, and lay them on lively!"

The words had scarcely fell from his lips ere a bullet whizzed past the negro and buried itself in the brain of the ruffian leader, and he fell to the earth to rise no more. He had given his last order. His lieutenant, who stood near, sprang forward, and was in the act of stooping to lift the prostrate form of his Captain when crash went another bullet through his brain, and he fell upon the body of him who had been his companion in villainy, and who was now his companion in death. The ruffian who had administered the blows stood for a moment as if transfixed to the spot, and then, throwing down the whip, he attempted to run, but had taken but a few steps ere a swift-winged messenger sent him traveling the same road with his leaders. Consternation now seemed to seize the remainder of the ruffians, and they took to their heels, many in their flight throwing away their rifles, which were soon picked up by Old Ben and his companions, and their contents sent after their flying owners.

It was not long before the pale and terror-stricken wife was surrounded by her husband and father. After an affectionate embrace the father, picking up a lighted torch, approached the place where the bodies lay. Stooping down to examine the leaders, he in a few moments exclaimed,

"Dead!—both of them! Old Ben hit both in nearly the same spot!"

So it was. The father, being anxious to see his daughter and her mother, who since the destruction of the old homestead had resided with her, was accompanied by Old Ben and another companion for that purpose. As they approached the farm they beheld the light from the burning dwelling, at once rightly conjectured the cause, and who was at work. They crept stealthily along, and secreted themselves until a favorable opportunity should afford them a chance of being of service. Old Ben insisted that he alone should do the shooting, and that they could do the loading, as no shots were to be wasted. As he observed Black Dave and his lieutenant standing near together, he exclaimed, in a low tone,

"Keerful! keerful now! They ar' both mine!" And creeping to a favorable spot, he discharged the shots which finished the worldly career of the ruffians.

Black Dave's rival, being secreted where he could view what was going on, seeing the ruffian leaders fall, at once judged that friends were at hand, and he sprang forward to render his aid in the destruction of the Vandals. When it was ascertained that they were completely routed, arrangements were made for conveying the family to a place of safety, and in the arrangements the master did not forget his lacerated but faithful servant.

During the next fortnight several of Black Dave's followers were found dead, and upon examination it was discovered that each one had been shot in nearly the same place in the forehead, and it was concluded that they had all been killed by the same person. The conclusion was correct, for Old Ben in his scouting duties sent many a "buzzard," as he called those who preyed upon the homes of Union men, to his final account.

"DROWNED! DROWNED!"

INTO the silvery wave she stept;
The listening breezes sighed and wept;
And e'en the current as it swept
Made moan.

Her raven tresses float behind—
Float calmly on the weeping wind;
Forever from its seat the mind
Hath flown.

She steppeth on into the stream,
And, circling round, the pale moonbeam,
Of rare and glistening light, did seem
Her throne.

She bendeth in the current strong,
Upon its breast is borne along;
To her will soon be pain and wrong
Unknown.

All night, above the lonely tomb,
The waters through that evening gloom
Make murmur at her silent doom,
And moan.

LUTE.

FLOATED out on the fragrant air the waltz-music, burning, delirious. The rich bloom on Lute's clear brown cheek deepened into the red of wet coral, or of the fuschias that burned in the snow of her dress and drooped among her broad black braids, and the long eyelashes fell with a sudden sweep to hide the pleasure flashing too brightly in her lustrous eyes.

Jack Centyre's name was on a line with the "Gunst Werber" on her tablets. He was coming across the room to claim her hand, and she tangled the chains of her fan and her bouquet-holder inextricably together. The liking of a year could no longer be masked by cool tones and words. It struggled about her mouth, looked shyly from her downcast eyes, spoke in the very tremor of the little hand resting in his as they glided off into the wild music groaning, quivering, and whirling about them, making itself one with motion, and a part of the thrill and shuddered delight pulsing in their every vein.

In the centre of the brilliant rooms he bent low his handsome head till his bright hair touched her glowing cheek, and whispered,

"Farewell, love!"

Lute looked up aghast; her eyes met his full of solemn tenderness and warning. The music fainted, died almost away.

"As I was saying," went on Jack, steadily, "This waltz-beat is noticeable in all—"

It burst out again; his voice sunk low, his lips murmured close in her ear, "I came here to say farewell. Walls have ears, writing may betray. I leave Nashville to-night."

Another whirl and rush of music; then Lute's voice, faint and trembling,

"Leave! for what?"

"For our country, Lute—for the Stars and Stripes—for the Union!"

He tightened his grasp as he spoke, for she seemed falling. Another turn took them within the arch of the conservatory door. A fall of fleecy curtains separated them from the glaring, heated rooms, and the faint ray streaming from a single globe of ground glass alone did battle with its shadows. He drew her into its dimmest corner, still holding her fast. She struggled slightly, with timid hands tried ineffectually to free herself from his firm clasp, then drooped her face, crimson even in the darkness, low, lower, till it was hidden quite on his shoulder.

"Two hours later I shall be flying like a felon, traveling in the darkness, hiding by day, hunted down, perhaps, like a dog or a slave," he said, hurriedly. "Think how little heart I had for this; but I could not go without saying good-by to you."

"Where is the need?" she asked, with a shudder.

"Every need—the direst. Our flag and our Government are not idle words, Lute—showy insignia brought out to grace a gala-day, nothing worth in themselves. They have been our very life and breath all these years, and like the air, because unseen, they have been unvalued—their very existence almost denied. Now the day of our trial is upon us, and let him be called coward and slave who shrinks or falters."

"And I—"

The words escaped unconsciously. She was thinking of that dear head lying low in some ditch or on some mountain ridge, upturned blankly to the sky, cold and dead. His stern-set face relaxed suddenly, and the dark flame in his eyes melted into infinite tenderness.

"You, dear! Will you care? Will you wear heart-mourning for me if I fall?"

A tear glittering on her cheek in the faint light was her answer. He stooped to kiss it away, but voices came perilously near. The waltz was done.

"Give me something of yours that has been near you," he whispered.

She undid the belt that circled her trim waist, and gave it, with its gold and azure clasps, into his hand.

"God bless you, keep you from all harm, and bring you back to me!"

Her voice sank so low that he could scarcely catch the concluding words; but there was no time for answer. A sudden ray of light shot in through the parted curtains, soft footfalls and silken rustlings sounded close by them. He bent low over her, and pressed his lips to hers. Merry voices called them—the Philistines were upon them. Lute answered with a careless laugh, he with a jest, as they mingled again with the crowd. Who could have dreamed of that last burning kiss, that voiceless farewell?

An hour after exclaimed Evelyn Devereux the hostess, "Lute Loder, do you know you have lost your belt and those lovely clasps? What a pity! I thought I had never seen any thing so pretty. I shall have the servants look every where."

Lute smiled faintly at thought of such profitless looking. Miles away at that very moment, it was rising and falling with every pulse of the heart of Jack Centyre, as he rode steadily and swiftly on in the darkness.

Let those who have kept vigil through long months with hope and fear, tell how the weary ensuing days passed for Lute, if words can tell; if there is any expression for an undying heart-sickness, a never-ceasing terror. From society she was presently ostracized. Came there one day, Mrs. Rawlinson, the outward and visible sign of that inward and mysterious essence, principle, or quality, whatever it may be, known as the "ton," indignation throned on her bushy eyebrows, determination ensconced about the corners of her mouth.

"Ah! come here, you naughty child," was her salutation as Lute entered; "we were talking of you, were we not, Miss Primly?"

Aunt Rachel, who interpreted aright the ominous quiet of lips and mouth in her somewhat unmanageable ward, assented feebly, while Lute seated herself without other reply than a bend of the head.

"I came here to talk to you quite seriously," pursued Mrs. Rawlinson, smoothing her gloves uneasily, and obviously embarrassed by the steady gaze and formidable composure of the culprit. "I knew your mother, my dear, and I feel an interest in you. Young people will be indiscreet, will draw wrong conclusions; no one knows that better than I. A pretty girl of eighteen can't be a Socrates—we don't expect it. In fact, why should we expect it? As I said to the ladies yesterday, berthas not battles, pleasure not politics, is running in your little head."

No answer to so much condescension; no appreciation of such elaborate kindness, either expressed or implied; only ominous silence, stormy eyes and mutinous though as yet quiet lips, and Aunt Primly looking on aghast and helpless. Clearly there was no resource left Mrs. Rawlinson but to bring out her heavy guns and open fire.

"Miss Loder, in a committee of our ladies it was yesterday decided," continued Mrs. Rawlinson, "that while our husbands, fathers, and brothers are away fighting our enemies, we can not in justice tolerate them in our midst. We have a list of ladies professing Union sentiments, and painful as it will be, we are resolved to cease all association with them."

"The question is then, who are the sufferers?" retorted Lute.

"I am sorry to say that your name is on the list."

"It is honored then."

"I pleaded your youth and beauty in vain. You are more than suspected of Union feeling."

"Why not say more than suspected of Christianity, love of country, or some such heinous offense?" burst out Lute. "If I am only suspected, let suspicion be changed to certainty. I know no country but the Union. I acknowledge no allegiance to any flag but the Stars and Stripes. I desire no friendship with traitors and ingrates."

"She is mad!" gasped Aunt Primly.

"Worse!" echoed Mrs. Rawlinson, solemnly.

Lute rose to her full height.

"Mrs. Rawlinson, tell your friends that the poorest man that fights for his country against the treason of secession is more honored in my eyes than your proudest leaders. If I were a man, my best blood should seal my words; as a woman, I am only sorry that I can not prove my sincerity by a more costly sacrifice."

Mrs. Rawlinson rose, reddening and swelling.

"You will repent this."

"Perhaps. All things are possible."

"You have ruined yourself," quoth Aunt Primly, in despair. And if to be sedulously excluded from all recognition is to be ruined, then Aunt Rachel was right. The girls, her old friends, passed her with a giggle and whispers about strong-mindedness and abolitionism; the men with looks of cold reproof; the elderly ladies with real or affected horror. Aunt Primly read her a daily homily; secession was blatant all about her; not one word, not even a token of any kind, had she ever received from Jack; yet he was not dead; for she read, with a thrill that who can describe, in one of the local papers, that the arch-traitor Jack Centyre had escaped, and was serving as a lieutenant in Buell's army; but she stood firm—words easily written, lightly read, but hard and bitter in practice.

At length Miss Primly fell ill, and while her fever was at its height came the news of the fall of Fort Donelson, and the wild panic and terror that overtook Nashville. In the midst of it all Lute sat calm and even joyous, for to her the Federal army meant simply Jack Centyre. Jack well, faithful, and coming back to her, was the picture Hope held up before her; and one afternoon, while the city was breathlessly expecting the coming of Buell's army, as she sat by a lower window weaving golden dreams, she heard the jar of the gate, and looking up caught the glitter of sword and epaulets. He had come! and breathless with delight she ran to the door, opened it, and started back aghast. The uniform of the Texan Rangers met her eye, and a face pre-eminently handsome, spite of the evident traces of debauch—a face only too familiar to her, that of Raymond Mainwaring, outcast for his vices from a circle by no means saintly, and her bitterest enemy because she had once rejected him. What could have brought him there? She stood holding the door, looking at him with undisguised dismay.

"May I come in?" he asked, with an evil smile. "It is so long since we have met."

Even as he spoke he stepped past her into the hall, turned the key in the lock, and took it out.

"These are unsettled times," he sneered, "and I have no fancy for being impaled like a bug on a Federal bayonet, and sent North as a curiosity. Will you come into the library, Miss Loder? I have something to say to you."

There was no one within call but female servants, for all the neighbors had fled; no help but to follow. Lute did so with a silent prayer. He gave her a seat, placed himself beside her and, leaning forward, fixed his eyes intently on her face.

"You, I remember, are fond of poetry," was his most unexpected beginning. "I came here to quote a stanza that has been running in my head all day."

"Kind of you, but is it worth the risk? Pray, what is your quotation?"

He took her hand. Direful menace and fierce triumph flamed in the midnight depths of his eyes. He spoke as if he would burn in every word on her memory:

"'For Time at last sets all things even;
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.'"

He had a marvelous voice, full, deep, capable of any inflection, and it rung out now like the toll of doom. Lute's heart gave a sudden bound, and then stood still in mortal terror; the blood surged over cheek and brow, and as suddenly receded; and her voice shook spite of her bravest efforts, though her words were calm enough.

"*Bon!* I see your taste has improved; but I conclude this is only your text. What is your sermon?"

"A short one, Lute. A year ago I loved you, and you might have saved and redeemed me. You refused with scorn, and society applauded you, but 'Time has set all things even.' The wheel has turned. Society has need of me now, ignores you."

"True, yet hardly worth the telling."

"You are right, as usual, were that all I had to say; but listen. I am a man of a curious pertinacity of disposition, and I never relinquish a determination. A year ago I decided that you must belong to me. I have not changed my mind, though I have waited in silence. My time has come. Your consent is no longer necessary. You are alone here, in a city distracted with mad, selfish terror, and Government will not inquire too closely into the conduct of so useful an officer. I shall take you."

"You dare not!"

"I dare any thing."

"God—"

"Is on the side of heavy battalions and favorable circumstances."

She struggled to shake off his grasp on her wrist, which he had unconsciously tightened to a painful degree. A locket fell from her belt. He picked it up and opened it.

"Jack Centyre! So he is my rival! Will it interest you to know that I saw him at Fort Donelson? He was one of the first to scale the walls, and I think was cut down at once. But come, my love! time presses."

A pistol lay on the table. Lute, in desperation, caught it up and aimed it at him. He smiled scornfully.

"Shall I show you how to pull the trigger? I think you are more afraid of it even than of me. What a soldier's wife you will make!"

She dashed down the pistol and darted toward the door, but he held her fast. A moment's struggling exhausted her little strength, and left her utterly helpless in his iron grasp. There was no relenting in his determined face—he had no pity. Surged up then to her brain, with a dull, waving sound in her ears, the quickened tide of blood. She seemed fainting, dying; when suddenly, amidst the whirl and confusion of her faculties, she found that she was listening to a sound growing nearer and louder every moment: the quick gallop of horses; the creaking of the gates; the loud echo of hoofs along the carriage-road.

"Come!" urged Raymond, with an oath.

Her answer was a long and thrilling shriek. Shouts and voices responded from without. They were thundering at the door—locked, alas! and quite strong enough to withstand a lengthy siege. Some one called her:

"Lute! in God's name, where are you?"

It was Jack's voice! She answered with a second shriek, as Raymond tried to drag her toward the door. They were coming around the house. There was a jingle and a crash of broken glass as a window was dashed in, and then sprang into the room men in the welcome Federal uniform, with swords and revolvers drawn.

Lute ran up to the leader.

"Oh, Jack, you have saved me! I knew that you were not dead, and that you would come!"

And so, as usual, the little things of man's estimation were the agents of Providence. Jack's impatience proved Lute's salvation, and her happiness also; for Aunt Primly could not in decency deny to Lieutenant Centyre the life that he had saved. Mainwaring they marched off to the camp in triumph, and the official report coolly noted him down as "One prisoner taken."

How many that read it dreamed of the almost tragedy depending on those simple words?

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

We devote several pages this week to illustrations of our Army under General M'Clellan, which has just driven the rebels out of Yorktown. On page 305 will be found a fine picture of a rebel Reconnoissance by Night, with Dark Lanterns, preliminary to the evacuation; on page 308 the Departure of our Cavalry and Flying-Artillery, under General Stoneman, up the Yorktown turnpike, in pursuit of the rebels; on page 309 a spirited picture of the Capture of a Rebel Rifle-pit by the Massachusetts First; on page 310 a complete Map of the Seat of the War in Virginia, which will enable our readers to follow the movements of the various armies under M'Clellan, Franklin, M'Dowell, Banks, and Frémont; and on page 311 a semi-humorous picture representing The Pickets of the two Armies conversing from the Shelter of Trees. The brilliant charge of the Massachusetts First upon a rebel rifle-pit is thus described in the *Herald* letter:

> Five companies of Massachusetts troops participated in a splendid little action which took place this morning. One company made a brilliant charge on a rebel redoubt, drove the rebels away, killed quite a number, and hemmed in fourteen, who were taken prisoners. The redoubt is situated in front of a piece of woods, and faces an open corn-field to the right of the Yorktown road. It was determined last evening to reduce the work and ascertain what fortifications were behind, beyond the woods. Early this morning three companies of the First Massachusetts Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, and two companies of the Eleventh, under Major Tripp, left camp and arrived on the ground just about daylight. Company A, Captain Wild, was deployed as skirmishers to the left across the field to prevent a flank movement of the enemy. Company I, Captain Rand, was held in reserve toward the right near a small ravine, while Company H, under Captain Carruth, advanced at double quick across the field and charged upon the work. Led by Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, they dashed ahead in the most gallant manner. As soon as they were seen crossing the open field, a distance of four or five hundred yards from the redoubt, the rebels opened a spirited fire from behind the parapet. In face of this fire the gallant little band of sixty advanced at a double quick with bayonets fixed. Their comrades were falling on the field around them; but not a man on our side fired a gun until those who charged the redoubt had arrived within a few yards of the ditch in front. Then they discharged a volley, and the rebels retreated. Although much exhausted by the run across the corn-field, our men jumped into the ditch and climbed over the parapet. Thus the work was successfully taken in a few minutes. Lieutenant Chandler and Lieutenant-Colonel Wells were among the first to reach the fort. Company H lost three men killed and thirteen wounded. No other casualties occurred on our side. Most of the killed and wounded fell within twenty yards of the ditch, which was six or seven feet deep and eight feet wide in front of the redoubt. Company A still held their position as skirmishers to the left, and subsequently Company I was ordered to advance to support those in front. In the meantime Company A, Eleventh Massachusetts, Captain Humphrey, came forward to the right at double quick and kept the rebels back, while Company G, Captain Allen, which had been placed to support a section of our artillery, also advanced, and with picks and shovels commenced destroying the redoubt. Our artillery did not fire a single shot. Presently the rebels opened with their artillery from their fortifications to the left. Our brave Massachusetts boys fired away into the woods, while some of their comrades were shoveling the earth from the parapet of the rebel fort into the ditch below. A little to the right of this work there was an opening through the woods and a clearing behind, where another rebel redoubt was situated. From this the rebels poured forth a continuous fire; but the skirmishers from the Eleventh regiment filed off to the right and left, covered by the woods, and thus escaped the effect of their fire. When the attack was made on our left the rebels were driven in confusion in every direction. Fourteen of them got on a small strip of ground behind which was a stream which they could not cross. Hence they were taken prisoners. One of them rushed out with a white haversack on his musket and begged our men not to shoot. Firing in that direction ceased for a moment. He said there were thirteen others who wanted to surrender. Soon they appeared and were taken prisoners. Fourteen rebels were captured altogether—one sergeant, one corporal, and a dozen privates. They all belonged to Company E, Nineteenth Virginia Regiment. They were a company of sharp-shooters who were on duty in the fort. They said they were completely taken by surprise, and when we opened the attack there was great confusion among them; but they were soon supported by other troops on the right and left. Our soldiers acted in the most gallant manner, and were highly complimented by the Brigadier-General, who was on the ground. The object of the movement having been most successfully accomplished, our men retired from the field in perfect order.

FORT MACON REPOSSESSED.

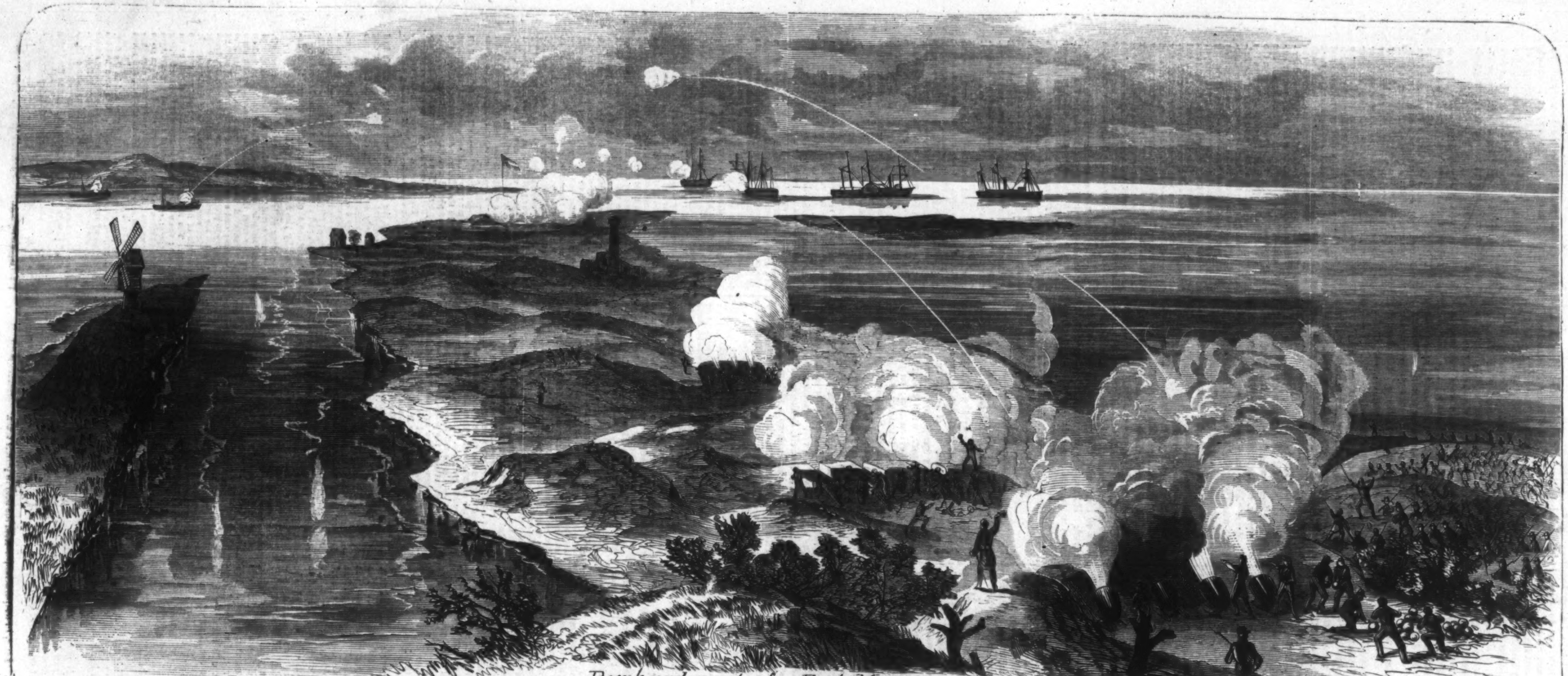
On page 316 we illustrate the Bombardment and Recapture of Fort Macon, at Beaufort, by the United States troops under the command of General Burnside. Our pictures are from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Angelo Wiser. The fort was taken on Friday, April 25. The following account of the bombardment is from the correspondence of the *Times*:

> Friday morning—a day whose evil augury has been so signally reversed in the history of this campaign—dawned pleasantly, but a fresh breeze sprang up from the south at daybreak. At precisely 5.40 o'clock a Parrot gun from Captain Morris's Battery startled the town from its slumbers. Its thunder shook the houses in Beaufort to their foundations, and while the echoes of its shrill, bursting shell were still rolling along the opposite shores, eager gazers, with half-finished toilets, filled the windows, or stood awe-struck upon the streets and balconies. Another and another followed in quick succession, and then came an earthquake shock from Flagler's 10-inch mortars, which made the windows rattle and weak-kneed mortals stand aghast! Before the smoke had cleared sufficiently to mark the spot from which this belching volcano had issued, puffs of white smoke rose from the right, and in advance of the rest. It was Lieutenant Prouty putting in the exclamation points to this new oration from his 8-inch mortar battery. Thus opened the bombardment of Fort Macon. For twenty minutes not a sign of life was to be seen upon the fort. The sentinel, suspended in his usual eyrie upon the flag-staff, had dropped from the cross-trees as if the halyards that held him up had been shot away, and he disappeared no more to return. Still the firing continued. At last heads of moving objects were seen cautiously stealing in the direction of the barbette guns on the lower parapet, and in another moment the fort gave out its first answering shot. Taking courage from this infantile effort, and finding they still lived, others crawled out from their coverts, and another gun was manned. They had already guessed at the location of the Parrot battery, and directed their fire upon it, but their practice at first was unsteady and faltering. Their solid 32-pound shot generally struck short, throwing up clouds of sand, while an occasional shot passed over their heads, and went bowling in among the sand-hills half a mile beyond our lines. A three weeks' practice had taught our boys to dodge these missiles with comparative ease.
>
> Many of the shells from the heavy mortar battery, during the first part of the firing, went over the fort, exploding on the beach at the eastward or in the water—the same was true of the 8-inch shells—but it was not long before they obtained the range, when their firing was made with greater precision. Lieutenant Flagler stood at the right of his battery, in a position so as to enable him to see the effect of each shell, and directed the adjustment of every fuse and the training of the guns. At eight o'clock the firing from the fort became very sharp and well sustained, one gun after another being manned, until apparently half a dozen were at work at once. The Parrot battery kept up a continuous discharge, their shells exploding over the parapets, and their solid bolts plowing up the works in all directions. When one of these shots struck the parapets, the fort, for an instant, would be enveloped in heavy clouds of black mould, which were thrown almost to the top of the flagstaff, while fragments of brick, stone, and lumber, from the wooden covering of the ramparts, filled the air, hiding the enemy's gunners from view.
>
> It was now apparent that the rebels were doing their utmost to dismount Captain Morris's battery, whose open embrasures afforded the only visible point of attack. Lieutenant Flagler's battery being nearly in a direct line with the Parrot guns, the shots which were aimed at it would generally ricochet and expend their force near that beyond. Lieutenant Prouty, whose position was at the extreme right, near the south beach, continued his fire for a considerable time before attracting much attention from the enemy's guns. Later in the action he received a good share of the rebel shot in return for his well-directed fire.
>
> Up to 9 o'clock A.M. the fire from our batteries and from the fort was kept up with nearly equal spirit and determination, the advantages, if any, being on the side of the fort, which outnumbered us in guns. The rebel gunners won much admiration from many sympathizing spectators in Beaufort and Morehead for their daring and bravery.
>
> About 9 o'clock A.M. the United States gun-boats came into position, one after the other, and opened fire, their shots enfilading those from our batteries on the beach. Their long-range guns sent their shot and shell in some cases clear over the fort, which burst within half a mile of the town. The majority of them, however, raked the east and west parapets with effect, and did great execution upon the south face of the fort. Added to the continuous fire from the mortar and Parrot batteries, they sent a perfect storm of exploding projectiles into the fort, and for a time the rebel gunners stood appalled. They fled from the lower parapets and most exposed positions, taking shelter behind the breast-works or in the casemates. While this timely contribution was being added to the common stock of Union arguments, our land batteries took a moment's breathing spell, and prepared to renew the firing with vigor. The rough sea which prevailed outside, however, rendered all attempt at accurate range impossible, and after firing for about two hours they hauled off. During this time a large number of good shots were thrown at the ships. One of these, a 32-pounder, struck the United States gun-boat *Daylight* near the gangway, passing through the engine-room, the Captain's room, and lodging in the celing on the port side. It carried away a portion of the iron stairway, which struck the Engineer, Mr. Eugene J. Wade, breaking his left arm. Another hot shot passed through the ensign of the *State of Georgia*, but did no other damage. The *Albatross* and *Chippewa* had some of their rigging carried away.
>
> The bark *Gemsbok* also did some effective firing, and all demonstrated what they would have done had the weather been smooth. In the afternoon our batteries obtained the exact range, and poured a continuous hail-storm of bursting shell into the fort. The rebel guns were gradually deserted, and at 2 o'clock only two or three guns were fired at intervals of five minutes. On our side the fire continued with little abatement, every shell telling with terrible effect.
>
> At 3 o'clock the gun in the water-battery, which had kept up a constant discharge, was silenced by the bursting shells, and only an occasional discharge was made from the 10-inch Columbiad on the south parapet.
>
> Shortly after 4 o'clock the firing, which had been constantly growing weaker, ceased, and a white flag was displayed on the west front of the fort. Our batteries immediately ceased firing, and the fact was announced to General Parke, and was also signaled to General Burnside.

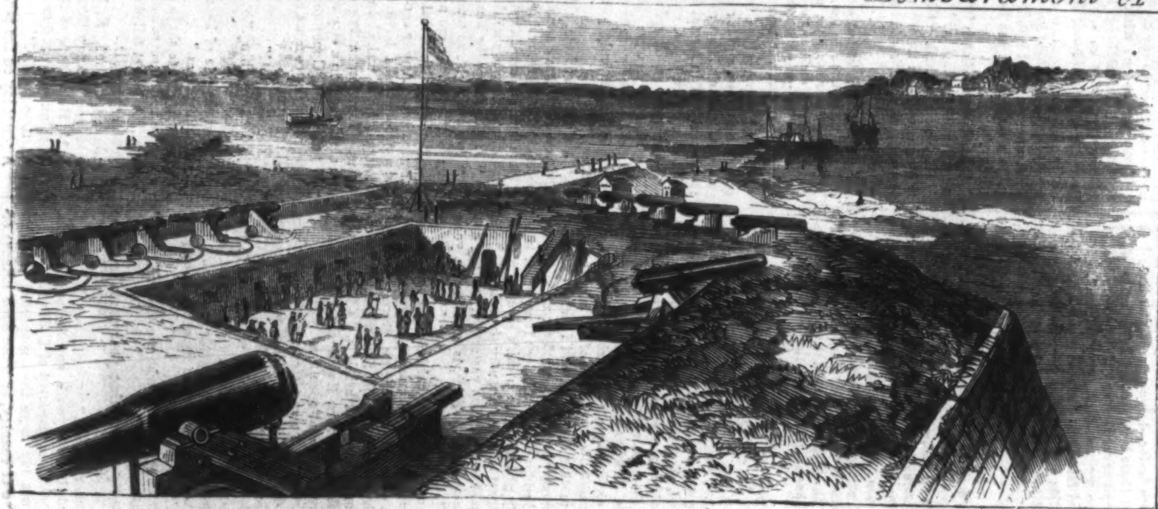
The effects of the bombardment are thus described by the same correspondent:

> The inner walls and parade-ground of the fort bore witness to the terrific force of the shells which had exploded within. Deep holes indented in the brick-work; the stone steps torn from their foundations; the water-tank stove in, and rendered useless; casemate window shattered to fragments; and even the ends of upright bars of railroad iron, set up to protect the entrance to the casemates, broken off, and the solid shot buried to their heel in the brick walls—were some of the visible effects of the iron storm. Thousands of fragments of shells lay scattered over the ground. The ramparts were breached and plowed up on all sides; the wooden coping scattered in fragments along the parapets; chimneys knocked flat, and gun-carriages split and broken to pieces. Fifteen out of eighteen guns pointing up the Spit were disabled, and several dismounted. Over 400 shot and shell fell in the fort, and about 100 shells burst in the inner fort.
>
> Seven persons were killed at the guns and in the fort, and eighteen wounded, one mortally. One man had his leg cut off by the fragment of a shell while sitting on his bunk in the casemate. Another had his knee badly crushed. Two of the killed, viz., J. P. Willis and James Stanton, belonged in Beaufort.
>
> The dead were carried out in rough boxes as the Union troops entered the fort.
>
> The garrison consisted of 450 men, 250 being effective.

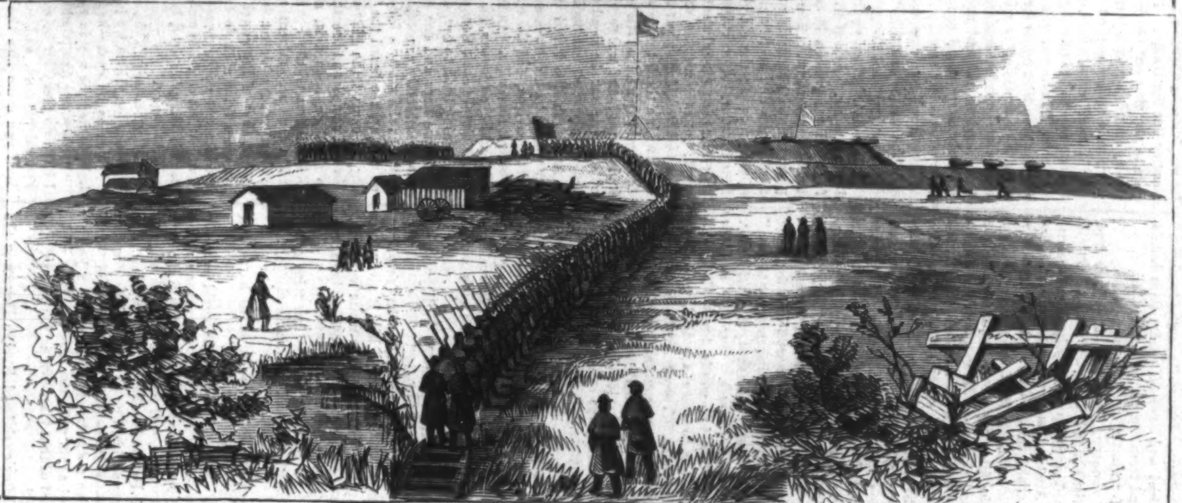
So our troops are repossessing, one by one, the forts belonging to the United States.



Bombardment of Fort Macon.

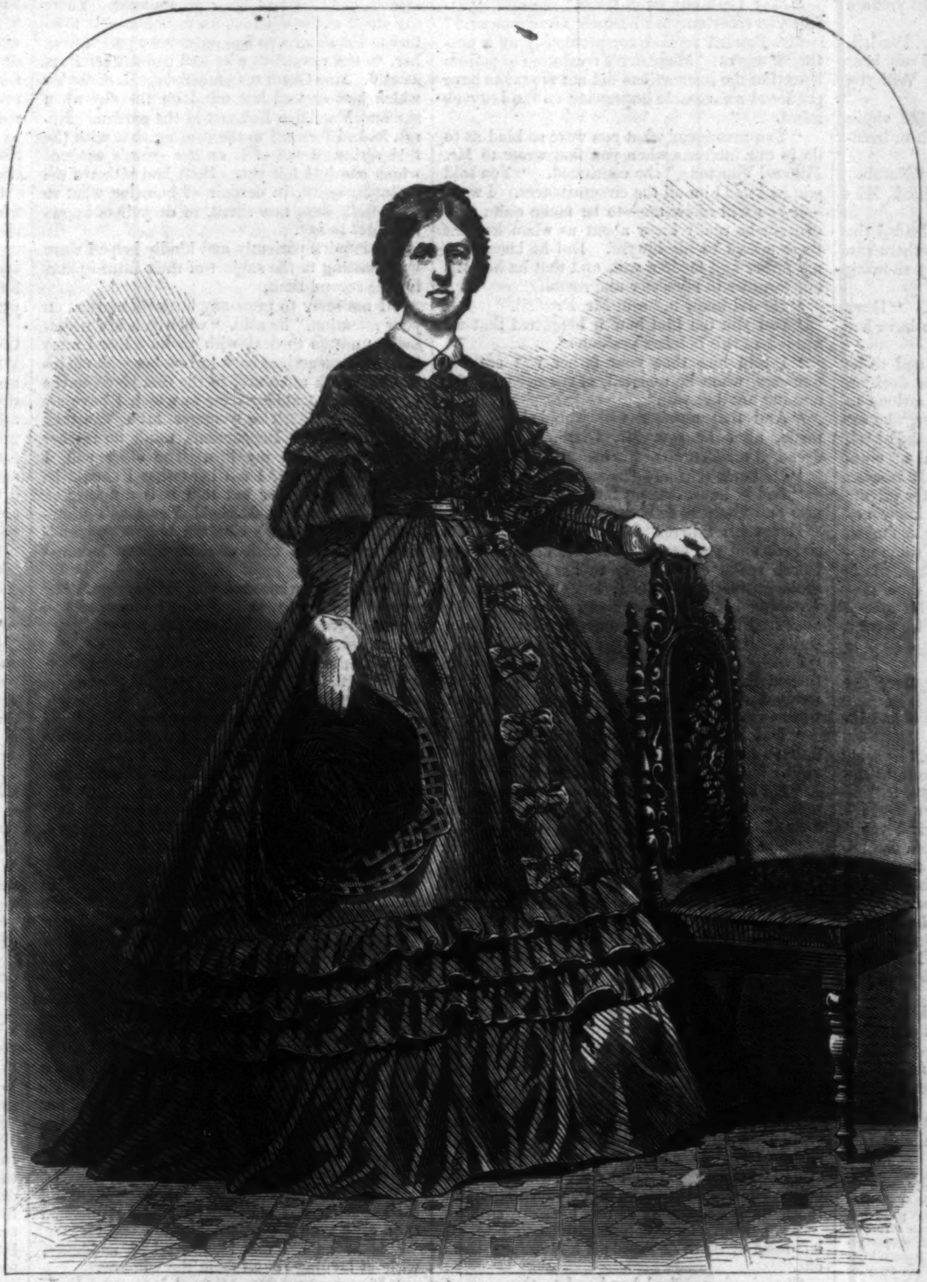


Fort Macon from the Upper Parapet.



The Fifth Rhode Island Regiment entering Fort Macon.

FORT MACON REPOSSESSED.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. WISER.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



MRS. MAJOR BELLE REYNOLDS.—Photographed by Cole, of Peoria, Illinois.—[See Page 306.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

On the next morning but one news was received from Mr. Pendril. The place of Michael Vanstone's residence on the Continent had been discovered. He was living at Zurich, and a letter had been dispatched to him at that place on the day when the information was obtained. In the course of the coming week an answer might be expected, and the purport of it should be communicated forthwith to the ladies at Combe-Raven.

Short as it was the interval of delay passed wearily. Ten days elapsed before the expected answer was received; and when it came at last it proved to be, strictly speaking, no answer at all. Mr. Pendril had been merely referred to an agent in London who was in possession of Michael Vanstone's instructions. Certain difficulties had been discovered in connection with those instructions, which had produced the necessity of once more writing to Zurich. And there "the negotiations" rested again for the present.

A second paragraph in Mr. Pendril's letter contained another piece of intelligence entirely new. Mr. Michael Vanstone's son (and only child), Mr. Noel Vanstone, had recently arrived in London, and was then staying in lodgings occupied by his cousin, Mr. George Bartram. Professional considerations had induced Mr. Pendril to pay a visit to the lodgings. He had been very kindly received by Mr. Bartram, but had been informed by that gentleman that his cousin was not then in a condition to see visitors. Mr. Noel Vanstone had been suffering for some years past from a wearing and obstinate malady; he had come to England expressly to obtain the best medical advice, and he still felt the fatigue of the journey so severely as to be confined to his bed. Under these circumstances, Mr. Pendril had no alternative but to take his leave. An interview with Mr. Noel Vanstone might have cleared up some of the difficulties in connection with his father's instructions. As events had turned out there was no help for it but to wait for a few days more.

The days passed, the empty days of solitude and suspense. At last a third letter from the lawyer announced the long-delayed conclusion of the correspondence. The final answer had been received from Zurich, and Mr. Pendril would personally communicate it, at Combe-Raven, on the afternoon of the next day.

That next day was Wednesday, the twelfth of August. The weather had changed in the night, and the sun rose watery through mist and cloud. By noon the sky was overcast at all points; the temperature was sensibly colder; and the rain poured down, straight and soft and steady, on the thirsty earth. Toward three o'clock Miss Garth and Norah entered the morning-room to await Mr. Pendril's arrival. They were joined shortly afterward by Magdalen. In half an hour more the familiar fall of the iron latch in the socket reached their ears from the fence beyond the shrubbery. Mr. Pendril and Mr. Clare advanced into view along the garden path, walking arm in arm through the rain, sheltered by the same umbrella. The lawyer bowed as they passed the windows: Mr. Clare walked straight on, deep in his own thoughts, noticing nothing.

After a delay which seemed interminable; after a weary scraping of wet feet on the hall mat; after a mysterious, muttered interchange of question and answer outside the door, the two came in—Mr. Clare leading the way. The old man walked straight up to the table without any preliminary greeting, and looked across it at the three women with a stern pity for them in his rugged, wrinkled face.

"Bad news," he said. "I am an enemy to all unnecessary suspense. Plainness is kindness in such a case as this. I mean to be kind; and I tell you plainly—bad news."

Mr. Pendril followed him. He shook hands, in silence, with Miss Garth and the two sisters, and took a seat near them. Mr. Clare placed himself apart on a chair by the window. The gray rainy light fell soft and sad on the faces of Norah and Magdalen, who sat together opposite to him. Miss Garth had placed herself a little behind them, in partial shadow; and the lawyer's quiet face was seen in profile, close beside her. So the four occupants of the room appeared to Mr. Clare, as he sat apart in his corner; his long claw-like fingers interlaced on his knee; his dark vigilant eyes fixed searchingly now on one face, now on another. The dripping rustle of the rain among the leaves, and the clear, ceaseless tick of the clock on the mantle-piece, made the minute of silence which followed the settling of the persons present in their places indescribably oppressive. It was a relief to every one when Mr. Pendril spoke.

"Mr. Clare has told you already," he began, "that I am the bearer of bad news. I am grieved to say, Miss Garth, that your doubts, when I last saw you, were better founded than my hopes. What that heartless elder brother was in his youth he is still in his old age. In all my unhappy experience of the worst side of human nature, I have never met with a man so utterly dead to every consideration of mercy as Michael Vanstone."

"Do you mean that he takes the whole of his brother's fortune, and makes no provision whatever for his brother's children?" asked Miss Garth.

"He offers a sum of money for present emergencies," replied Mr. Pendril, "so meanly and disgracefully insufficient that I am ashamed to mention it."

"And nothing for the future?"

"Absolutely nothing."

As that answer was given the same thought passed, at the same moment, through Miss Garth's mind and through Norah's. The decision which deprived both the sisters alike of the resources of fortune did not end there for the younger of the two. Michael Vanstone's merciless resolution had virtually pronounced the sentence which dismissed Frank to China, and which destroyed all present hope of Magdalen's marriage. As the words passed the lawyer's lips Miss Garth and Norah looked at Magdalen anxiously. Her face turned a shade paler, but not a feature of it moved; not a word escaped her. Norah, who held her sister's hand in her own, felt it tremble for a moment, and then turn cold—and that was all.

"Let me mention plainly what I have done," resumed Mr. Pendril; "I am very desirous you should not think that I have left any effort untried. When I wrote to Michael Vanstone, in the first instance, I did not confine myself to the usual formal statement. I put before him, plainly and earnestly, every one of the circumstances under which he has become possessed of his brother's fortune. When I received the answer, referring me to his written instructions to his lawyer in London—and when a copy of those instructions was placed in my hands—I positively declined, on becoming acquainted with them, to receive the writer's decision as final. I induced the solicitor on the other side to accord us a further term of delay; I attempted to see Mr. Noel Vanstone in London for the purpose of obtaining his intercession; and, failing in that, I myself wrote to his father for the second time. The answer referred me, in insolently curt terms, to the instructions already communicated; declared those instructions to be final; and declined any further correspondence with me. There is the beginning and the end of the negotiation. If I have overlooked any means of touching this heartless man, tell me, and those means shall be tried."

He looked at Norah. She pressed her sister's hand encouragingly, and answered for both of them.

"I speak for my sister as well as for myself," she said, with her color a little heightened, with her natural gentleness of manner just touched by a quiet, uncomplaining sadness. "You have done all that could be done, Mr. Pendril. We have tried to restrain ourselves from hoping too confidently; and we are deeply grateful for your kindness, at a time when kindness is sorely needed by both of us."

Magdalen's hand returned the pressure of her sister's—withdrew itself—trifled for a moment impatiently with the arrangement of her dress—then suddenly moved the chair closer to the table. Leaning one arm on it (with the hand fast clenched), she looked across at Mr. Pendril. Her face, always remarkable for its want of color, was now startling to contemplate in its blank, bloodless pallor. But the light in her large gray eyes was bright and steady as ever; and her voice, though low in tone, was clear and resolute in accent as she addressed the lawyer in these terms:

"I understood you to say, Mr. Pendril, that my father's brother had sent his written orders to London, and that you had a copy. Have you preserved it?"

"Certainly."

"Have you got it about you?"

"I have."

"May I see it?"

Mr. Pendril hesitated and looked uneasily from Magdalen to Miss Garth, and from Miss Garth back again to Magdalen.

"Pray oblige me by not pressing your request," he said. "It is surely enough that you know the result of the instructions. Why should you agitate yourself to no purpose by reading them? They are expressed so cruelly; they show such abominable want of feeling, that I

"'READY?' HE ASKED, STOPPING SHORT AFTER A WHILE."

really can not prevail upon myself to let you see them."

"I am sensible of your kindness, Mr. Pendril, in wishing to spare me pain. But I can bear pain; I promise to distress nobody. Will you excuse me if I repeat my request?"

She held out her hand—the soft, white, virgin hand that had touched nothing to soil it or harden it yet.

"Oh, Magdalen, think again!" said Norah.

"You distress Mr. Pendril," added Miss Garth; "you distress us all."

"There can be no end gained," pleaded the lawyer—"forgive me for saying so—there can really be no useful end gained by my showing you the instructions."

("Fools!" said Mr. Clare to himself. "Have they no eyes to see that she means to have her own way?")

"Something tells me there *is* an end to be gained," persisted Magdalen. "This decision is a very serious one. It is more serious to me—" She looked round at Mr. Clare, who sat closely watching her, and instantly looked back again, with the first outward betrayal of emotion which had escaped her yet. "It is even more serious to me," she resumed, "for private reasons, than it is to my sister. I know nothing yet but that our father's brother has taken our fortunes from us. He must have some motives of his own for such conduct as that. It is not fair to him, or fair to us, to keep those motives concealed. He has deliberately robbed Norah, and robbed me; and I think we have a right, if we wish it, to know why."

"I don't wish it," said Norah.

"I do," said Magdalen; and once more she held out her hand.

At this point Mr. Clare roused himself and interfered for the first time.

"You have relieved your conscience," he said, addressing the lawyer. "Give her the right she claims. It *is* her right—if she will have it."

Mr. Pendril quietly took the written instructions from his pocket. "I have warned you," he said, and handed the papers across the table without another word. One of the pages of writing was folded down at the corner, and at the folded page the manuscript opened when Magdalen first turned the leaves. "Is this the place which refers to my sister and myself?" she inquired. Mr. Pendril bowed, and Magdalen smoothed out the manuscript before her on the table.

"Will you decide, Norah?" she asked, turning to her sister. "Shall I read this aloud, or shall I read it to myself?"

"To yourself," said Miss Garth, answering for Norah, who looked at her in mute perplexity and distress.

"It shall be as you wish," said Magdalen. With that reply she turned again to the manuscript, and read these lines:

> "......You are now in possession of my wishes in relation to the property in money, and to the sale of the furniture, carriages, horses, and so forth. The last point left on which it is necessary for me to instruct you refers to the persons inhabiting the house, and to certain preposterous claims on their behalf set up by a solicitor named Pendril, who has no doubt interested reasons of his own for making application to me.
>
> "I understand that my late brother has left two illegitimate children, both of them young women, who are of an age to earn their own livelihood. Various considerations, all equally irregular, have been urged in respect to these persons by the solicitor representing them. Be so good as to tell him that neither you nor I have any thing to do with questions of mere sentiment; and then state plainly, for his better information, what the motives are which regulate my conduct, and what the provision is which I feel myself justified in making for the two young women. Your instructions on both these points you will find detailed in the next paragraph.
>
> "I wish the persons concerned to know, once for all, how I regard the circumstances which have placed my late brother's property at my disposal. Let them understand that I consider those circumstances to be a Providential interposition, which has restored to me the inheritance that ought always to have been mine. I receive the money, not only as my right, but also as a proper compensation for the injustice which I suffered from my father, and a proper penalty paid by my younger brother for the vile intrigue by which he succeeded in disinheriting me. His conduct when a young man was uniformly discreditable in all the relations of life; and what it then was, it continued to be (on the showing of his own legal representative) after the time when I ceased to hold any communication with him. He appears to have systematically imposed a woman on Society as his wife who was not his wife, and to have completed the outrage on morality by afterward marrying her. Such conduct as this has called down a Judgment on himself and his children. I will not invite retribution on my own head by assisting those children to continue the imposition which their parents practiced, and by helping them to take a place in the world to which they are not entitled. Let them, as becomes their birth, gain their bread in situations. If they show themselves disposed to accept their proper position, I will assist them to start virtuously in life by a present of one hundred pounds each. This sum I authorize you to pay them on their personal application, with the necessary acknowledgment of receipt, and on the express understanding that the transaction, so completed, is to be the beginning and the end of my connection with them. The arrangements under which they quit the house I leave to your discretion; and I have only to add that my decision on this matter, as on all other matters, is positive and final."

Line by line—without once looking up from the pages before her—Magdalen read those atrocious sentences through, from beginning to end. The other persons assembled in the room, all eagerly looking at her together, saw the dress rising and falling faster and faster over her bosom—saw the hand in which she lightly held the manuscript at the outset close unconsciously on the paper and crush it as she advanced nearer and nearer to the end—but detected no other outward signs of what was passing within her. As soon as she had done she silently pushed the manuscript away, and put her hands on a sudden over her face. When she withdrew them all the four persons in the room noticed a change in her. Something in her expression had altered, subtly and silently; something which made the familiar features suddenly look strange, even to her sister and Miss Garth; something, through all after-years, never to be forgotten in connection with that day—and never to be described.

The first words she spoke were addressed to Mr. Pendril.

"May I ask one more favor," she said, "before you enter on your business arrangements?"

Mr. Pendril replied ceremoniously by a gesture of assent. Magdalen's resolution to possess herself of the Instructions did not appear to have produced a favorable impression on the lawyer's mind.

"You mentioned what you were so kind as to do in our interests when you first wrote to Mr. Michael Vanstone," she continued. "You said you had told him all the circumstances. I want—if you will allow me—to be made quite sure of what he really knew about us when he sent these orders to his lawyer. Did he know that my father had made a will, and that he had left our fortunes to my sister and myself?"

"He did know it," said Mr. Pendril.

"Did you tell him how it happened that we are left in this helpless position?"

"I told him that your father was entirely unaware, when he married, of the necessity for making another will."

"And that another will would have been made, after he saw Mr. Clare, but for the dreadful misfortune of his death."

"He knew that also."

"Did he know that my father's untiring goodness and kindness to both of us—"

Her voice faltered for the first time: she sighed, and put her hand to her head wearily. Norah spoke entreatingly to her; Miss Garth spoke entreatingly to her; Mr. Clare sat silent, watching her more and more earnestly. She answered her sister's remonstrance with a faint smile. "I will keep my promise," she said; "I will distress nobody." With that reply she turned again to Mr. Pendril, and steadily reiterated the question—but in another form of words.

"Did Mr. Michael Vanstone know that my father's great anxiety was to make sure of providing for my sister and myself?"

"He knew it in your father's own words. I sent him an extract from your father's last letter to me."

"The letter which asked you to come for God's sake, and relieve him from the dreadful thought that his daughters were unprovided for? The letter which said he should not rest in his grave if he left us disinherited?"

"That letter and those words."

She paused, still keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the lawyer's face.

"I want to fasten it all in my mind," she said, "before I go on. Mr. Michael Vanstone knew of the first will; he knew what prevented the making of the second will; he knew of the letter, and he read the words. What did he know of besides? Did you tell him of my mother's last illness? Did you say that her share in the money would have been left to us if she could have lifted her dying hand in your presence? Did you try to make him ashamed of the cruel law of England which calls girls in our situation Nobody's Children, and which allows him to use us as he is using us now?"

"I put all those considerations to him. I left none of them doubtful; I left none of them out."

She slowly reached her hand to the copy of the Instructions, and slowly folded it up again in the shape in which it had been presented to her. "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Pendril." With those words she bowed, and gently pushed the manuscript back across the table; then turned to her sister.

"Norah," she said, "if we both of us live to grow old, and if you ever forget all that we owe to Michael Vanstone—come to me and I will remind you."

She rose and walked across the room by herself to the window. As she passed Mr. Clare the old man stretched out his claw-like fingers, and caught her fast by the arm before she was aware of him.

"What is this mask of yours hiding?" he asked, forcing her to bend to him, and looking close into her face. "Which of the extremes of human temperature does your courage start from—the dead cold or the white hot?"

She shrank back from him, and turned away her head in silence. She would have resented that unscrupulous intrusion on her own thoughts from any man alive but Frank's father. He dropped her arm as suddenly as he had taken it, and let her go on to the window. "No," he said to himself, "not the cold extreme, whatever else it may be. So much the worse for her, and for all belonging to her."

There was a momentary pause. Once more the dripping rustle of the rain and the steady ticking of the clock filled up the gap of silence. Mr. Pendril put the Instructions back in his pocket, considered a little, and, turning toward Norah and Miss Garth, recalled their attention to the present and pressing necessities of the time.

"Our consultation has been needlessly prolonged," he said, "by painful references to the past. We shall be better employed in settling our arrangements for the future. I am obliged to return to town this evening. Pray let me hear how I can best assist you; pray tell me what trouble and what responsibility I can take off your hands."

For the moment neither Norah nor Miss Garth seemed to be capable of answering him. Magdalen's reception of the news which annihilated the marriage prospect that her father's own lips had placed before her not a month since had bewildered and dismayed them alike. They had summoned their courage to meet the shock of her passionate grief, or to face the harder trial of witnessing her speechless despair. But they were not prepared for her invincible resolution to read the Instructions; for the terrible questions which she had put to the lawyer; for her immovable determination to fix all the circumstances in her mind under which Michael Vanstone's decision had been pronounced. There she stood at the window, an unfathomable mystery to the sister who had never been parted from her, to the governess who had trained her from a child. Miss Garth remembered the dark doubts which had crossed her mind on the day when she and Magdalen had met in the garden. Norah looked forward to the coming time with the first serious dread of it on her sister's account which she had felt yet. Both had hitherto remained passive, in despair of knowing what to do. Both were now silent, in despair of knowing what to say.

Mr. Pendril patiently and kindly helped them by returning to the subject of their future plans for the second time.

"I am sorry to press any business matters on your attention," he said, "when you are necessarily unfitted to deal with them. But I must take my instructions back to London with me to-night. With reference, in the first place, to the disgraceful pecuniary offer to which I have already alluded. The younger Miss Vanstone having read the Instructions, needs no further information from my lips. The elder will, I hope, excuse me if I tell her (what I should be ashamed to tell her but that it is a matter of necessity) that Mr. Michael Vanstone's provision for his brother's children begins and ends with an offer to each of them of one hundred pounds."

Norah's face crimsoned with indignation. She started to her feet, as if Michael Vanstone had been present in the room and had personally insulted her.

"I see," said the lawyer, wishing to spare her, "I may tell Mr. Michael Vanstone you refuse the money."

"Tell him," she broke out, passionately, "if I was starving by the roadside I wouldn't touch a farthing of it!"

"Shall I notify your refusal also?" asked Mr. Pendril, speaking to Magdalen next.

She turned round from the window, but kept her face in shadow by standing close against it with her back to the light.

"Tell him, on my part," she said, "to think again before he starts me in life with a hundred pounds. I will give him time to think." She spoke those strange words with a marked emphasis, and turning back quickly to the window hid her face from the observation of every one in the room.

"You both refuse the offer," said Mr. Pendril, taking out his pencil and making his professional note of the decision. As he shut up his pocket-book he glanced toward Magdalen doubtfully. She had roused in him the latent distrust which is a lawyer's second nature: he had his suspicions of her looks; he had his suspicions of her language. Her sister seemed to have more influence over her than Miss Garth. He resolved to speak privately to her sister before he went away.

While the idea was passing through his mind his attention was claimed by another question from Magdalen.

"Is he an old man?" she asked, suddenly, without turning round from the window.

"If you mean Mr. Michael Vanstone, he is seventy-five or seventy-six years of age."

"You spoke of his son a little while since. Has he any other sons or daughters?"

"None."

"Do you know any thing of his wife?"

"She has been dead for many years."

There was a pause. "Why do you ask these questions?" said Norah.

"I beg your pardon," replied Magdalen, quietly; "I won't ask any more."

For the third time Mr. Pendril returned to the business of the interview.

"The servants must not be forgotten," he said. "They must be settled with and discharged: I will give them the necessary explanation before I leave. As for the house, no questions connected with it need trouble you. The carriages and horses, the furniture and plate, and so on, must simply be left on the premises to await Mr. Michael Vanstone's further orders. But any possessions, Miss Vanstone, personally belonging to you or to your sister—your jewelry and dresses, and any little presents which may have been made to you—are entirely at your own disposal. With regard to the time of your departure, I understand that a month or more will elapse before Mr. Michael Vanstone can leave Zurich; and I am sure I only do his solicitor justice in saying—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Pendril," interposed Norah; "I think I understand, from what you have just said, that our house and every thing in it belongs to—?" She stopped, as if the mere utterance of the man's name was abhorrent to her.

"To Michael Vanstone," said Mr. Pendril. "The house goes to him with the rest of the property."

"Then I, for one, am ready to leave it to-morrow!"

Magdalen started at the window as her sister spoke, and looked at Mr. Clare with the first open signs of anxiety and alarm which she had shown yet.

"Don't be angry with me," she whispered, stooping over the old man with a sudden humility of look, and a sudden nervousness of manner. "I can't go without seeing Frank first!"

"You shall see him," replied Mr. Clare. "I am here to speak to you about it when the business is done."

"It is quite unnecessary to hurry your departure as you propose," continued Mr. Pendril, addressing Norah. "I can safely assure you that a week hence will be time enough."

"If this is Mr. Michael Vanstone's house," repeated Norah, "I am ready to leave it to-morrow."

She impatiently quitted her chair and seated herself farther away on the sofa. As she laid her hand on the back of it her face changed. There, at the head of the sofa, were the cushions which had supported her mother when she lay down for the last time to repose. There, at the foot of the sofa, was the clumsy, old-fashioned arm-chair which had been her father's favorite seat on rainy days when she and her sister used to amuse him at the piano opposite by playing his favorite tunes. A heavy sigh, which she tried vainly to repress, burst from her lips. "Oh," she thought, "I had forgotten these old friends! How shall we part from them when the time comes!"

"May I inquire, Miss Vanstone, whether you and your sister have formed any definite plans for the future?" asked Mr. Pendril. "Have you thought of any place of residence?"

"I may take it on myself, Sir," said Miss Garth, "to answer your question for them. When they leave this house they leave it with me. My home is their home, and my bread is their bread. Their parents honored me, trusted me, and loved me. For twelve happy years they never let me remember that I was their governess, they only let me know myself as their companion and their friend. My memory of them is the memory of unvarying gentleness and generosity, and my life shall pay the debt of my gratitude to their orphan children."

Norah rose hastily from the sofa, Magdalen impetuously left the window. For once there was no contrast in the conduct of the sisters. For once the same impulse moved their hearts, the same earnest feeling inspired their words. Miss Garth waited until the first outburst of emotion had passed away, then rose, and, taking Norah and Magdalen each by the hand, addressed herself to Mr. Pendril and Mr. Clare. She spoke with perfect self-possession; strong in her artless unconsciousness of her own good action.

"Even such a trifle as my own story," she said, "is of some importance at such a moment as this. I wish you both, gentlemen, to understand that I am not promising more to the daughters of your old friend than I can perform. When I first came to this house I entered it under such independent circumstances as are not common in the lives of governesses. In my younger days I was associated in teaching with my elder sister: we established a school in London, which grew to be a large and prosperous one. I only left it and became a private governess because the heavy responsibility of the school was more than my strength could bear. I left my share in the profits untouched, and I possess a pecuniary interest in our establishment to this day. That is my story in few words. When we leave this house I propose that we shall go back to the school in London, which is still prosperously directed by my elder sister. We can live there as quietly as we please until time has helped us to bear our affliction better than we can bear it now. If Norah's and Magdalen's altered prospects oblige them to earn their own independence, I can help them to earn it as a gentleman's daughters should. The best families in this land are glad to ask my sister's advice where the interests of their children's home-training are concerned; and I answer beforehand for her hearty desire to serve Mr. Vanstone's daughters, as I answer for my own. That is the future which my gratitude to their father and mother, and my love for themselves, now offers to them. If you think my proposal, gentlemen, a fit and fair proposal—and I see in your faces that you do—let us not make the hard necessities of our position harder still by any useless delay in meeting them at once. Let us do what we must do; let us act on Norah's decision, and leave this house to-morrow. You mentioned the servants just now, Mr. Pendril: I am ready to call them together in the next room, and to assist you in the settlement of their claims whenever you please."

Without waiting for the lawyer's answer, without leaving the sisters time to realize their own terrible situation, she moved at once toward the door. It was her wise resolution to meet the coming trial by doing much and saying little. Before she could leave the room Mr. Clare followed and stopped her on the threshold.

"I never envied a woman's feelings before," said the old man. "It may surprise you to hear it; but I envy yours. Wait! I have something more to say. There is an obstacle still left—the everlasting obstacle of Frank. Help me to sweep him off. Take the elder sister along with you and the lawyer, and leave me here to have it out with the younger. I want to see what metal she's really made of."

While Mr. Clare was addressing these words to Miss Garth Mr. Pendril had taken the opportunity of speaking to Norah. "Before I go back to town," he said, "I should like to have a word with you in private. From what has passed to-day, Miss Vanstone, I have formed a very high opinion of your discretion; and, as an old friend of your father's, I want to take the freedom of speaking to you about your sister."

Before Norah could answer she was summoned, in compliance with Mr. Clare's request, to the conference with the servants. Mr. Pendril followed Miss Garth as a matter of course. When the three were out in the hall Mr. Clare re-entered the room, closed the door, and signed peremptorily to Magdalen to take a chair.

She obeyed him in silence. He took a turn up and down the room with his hands in the side pockets of the long, loose, shapeless coat which he habitually wore.

"How old are you?" he said, stopping suddenly, and speaking to her with the whole breadth of the room between them.

"I was eighteen last birthday," she answered, humbly, without looking up at him.

"You have shown extraordinary courage for a girl of eighteen. Have you got any of that courage left?"

She clasped her hands together and wrung them hard. A few tears gathered in her eyes and rolled slowly over her cheeks.

"I can't give up Frank," she said, faintly. "You don't care for me, I know; but you used to care for my father. Will you try to be kind to me for my father's sake?"

The last words died away in a whisper; she could say no more. Never had she felt the illimitable power which a woman's love possesses of absorbing into itself every other event, every other joy or sorrow of her life, as she felt it then. Never had she so tenderly associated Frank with the memory of her lost parents as at that moment. Never had the impenetrable atmosphere of illusion through which women behold the man of their choice—the atmosphere which had blinded her to all that was weak, selfish, and mean in Frank's nature—surrounded him with a brighter halo than now, when she was pleading with the father for the possession of the son. "Oh, don't ask me to give him up!" she said, trying to take courage, and shuddering from head to foot. In the next instant she flew to the opposite extreme, with the suddenness of a flash of lightning. "I won't give him up!" she burst out violently. "No! not if a thousand fathers ask me!"

"I am one father," said Mr. Clare. "And I don't ask you."

In the first astonishment and delight of hearing those unexpected words she started to her feet, crossed the room, and tried to throw her arms round his neck. She might as well have attempted to move the house from its foundations. He took her by the shoulders and put her back in her chair. His inexorable eyes looked her into submission; and his lean forefinger shook at her warningly, as if he was quieting a fractious child.

"Hug Frank," he said; "don't hug me. I haven't done with you yet: when I have, you may shake hands with me, if you like. Wait, and compose yourself."

He left her. His hands went back into his pockets, and his monotonous march up and down the room began again.

"Ready?" he asked, stopping short after a while. She tried to answer. "Take two minutes more," he said, and resumed his walk with the regularity of clock-work. "These are the creatures," he thought to himself, "into whose keeping men, otherwise sensible, give the happiness of their lives. Is there any other object in creation, I wonder, which answers its end as badly as a woman does?"

He stopped before her once more. Her breathing was easier; the dark flush on her face was dying out again.

"Ready?" he repeated. "Yes; ready at last. Listen to me; and let's get it over. I don't ask you to give Frank up. I ask you to wait."

"I will wait," she said. "Patiently, willingly."

"Will you make Frank wait?"

"Yes."

"Will you send him to China?"

Her head drooped on her bosom, and she clasped her hands again in silence. Mr. Clare saw where the difficulty lay, and marched straight up to it on the spot.

"I don't pretend to enter into your feelings for Frank, or Frank's for you," he said. "The subject doesn't interest me. But I *do* pretend to state two plain truths. It is one plain truth that you can't be married till you have money enough to pay for the roof that shelters you, the clothes that cover you, and the victuals you eat. It is another plain truth that you can't find the money; that I can't find the money; and that Frank's only chance of finding it is going to China. If I tell him to go, he'll sit in a corner and cry. If I insist, he'll say yes, and deceive me. If I go a step further, and see him on board ship with my own eyes—he'll slip off in the pilot's boat, and sneak back secretly to you. That's his disposition."

"No!" said Magdalen. "It's not his disposition; it's his love for Me."

"Call it what you like," retorted Mr. Clare, "Sneak, or Sweet-heart—he's too slippery, in either capacity, for my fingers to hold him. My shutting the door won't keep him from coming back. Your shutting the door will. Have you the courage to shut it? Are you fond enough of him not to stand in his light?"

"Fond! I would die for him!"

"Will you send him to China?"

She sighed bitterly.

"Have a little pity for me," she said. "I have lost my father; I have lost my mother; I have lost my fortune—and now I am to lose Frank. You don't like women, I know; but try to help me with a little pity. I don't say it's not for his own interests to send him to China; I only say it's hard—very, very hard on *me*."

Mr. Clare had been deaf to her violence, insensible to her caresses, blind to her tears; but under the tough integument of his philosophy he had a heart, and it answered that hopeless appeal—it felt those touching words.

"I don't deny that your case is a hard one," he said. "I don't want to make it harder: I only ask you to do, in Frank's interests, what Frank is too weak to do for himself. It's no fault of yours—it's no fault of mine; but it's not the less true that the fortune you were to have brought him has changed owners."

She suddenly looked up, with a furtive light in her eyes, with a threatening smile on her lips.

"It may change owners again," she said.

Mr. Clare saw the alteration in her expression, and heard the tones of her voice. But the words were spoken low—spoken as if to herself; they failed to reach him across the breadth of the room. He stopped instantly in his walk, and asked what she had said.

"Nothing," she answered, turning her head away toward the window and looking out mechanically at the falling rain. "Only my own thoughts."

Mr. Clare resumed his walk, and returned to his subject.

"It's your interest," he went on, "as well as Frank's interest, that he should go. He may make money enough to marry you in China; he can't make it here. If he stops at home, he'll be the ruin of both of you. He'll shut his eyes to every consideration of prudence, and pester you to marry him; and when he has carried his point, he will be the first to turn round afterward and complain that you're a burden on him. Hear me out! You're in love with Frank; I'm not, and I know him. Put you two together often enough; give him time enough to hug, cry, pester, and plead, and I'll tell you what the end will be—you'll marry him."

He had touched the right string at last. It rung back in answer before he could add another word.

"You don't know me," she said, firmly. "You don't know what I can suffer for Frank's sake. He shall never marry me till I can be what my father said I should be—the making of his fortune. He shall take no burden when he takes me, I promise you that! I'll be the good angel of Frank's life; I'll not go a penniless girl to him and drag him down." She abruptly left her seat, advanced a few steps toward Mr. Clare, and stopped in the middle of the room. Her arms fell helpless on either side of her, and she burst into tears. "He shall go!" she said; "if my heart breaks in doing it, I'll tell him to-morrow that we must say Good-by!"

Mr. Clare at once advanced to meet her, and held out his hand.

"I'll help you," he said. "Frank shall hear every word that has passed between us. When he comes to-morrow he shall know beforehand that he comes to say good-by."

She took his hand in both her own—hesitated—looked at him—and pressed it to her bosom. "May I ask a favor of you before you go?" she said, timidly. He tried to take his hand from her; but she knew her advantage, and held it fast. "Suppose there should be some change for the better?" she went on. "Suppose I could come to Frank, as my father said I should come to him—?"

Before she could complete the question Mr. Clare made a second effort, and withdrew his hand. "As your father said you should come to him?" he repeated, looking at her attentively.

"Yes," she replied. "Strange things happen sometimes. If strange things happen to *me*, will you let Frank come back before the five years are out?"

What did she mean? Was she clinging desperately to the hope of melting Michael Vanstone's heart? Mr. Clare could draw no other conclusion from what she had just said to him. At the beginning of the interview he would have roughly dispelled her delusion. At the end of the interview he left her compassionately in possession of it.

"You are hoping against all hope," he said. "But if it gives you courage, hope on. If this impossible good fortune of yours ever happens, tell me, and Frank shall come back. In the mean time—"

"In the mean time," she interposed, sadly, "you have my promise."

Once more Mr. Clare's sharp eyes searched her face attentively.

"I will trust your promise," he said. "You shall see Frank to-morrow."

She went back thoughtfully to her chair, and sat down again in silence. Mr. Clare made for the door before any formal leave-taking could pass between them. "Deep!" he thought to himself as he looked back at her before he went out; "only eighteen—and too deep for my sounding!"

In the hall he found Norah, waiting anxiously to hear what had happened.

"Is it all over?" she asked. "Does Frank go to China?"

"Be careful how you manage that sister of yours," said Mr. Clare, without noticing the question. "She has one great misfortune to contend with; she's not made for the ordinary jog-trot of a woman's life. I don't say I can see straight to the end of the good or the evil in her—I only warn you her future will be no common one."

An hour later Mr. Pendril left the house, and by that night's post Miss Garth dispatched a letter to her sister in London.

THE END OF THE FIRST SCENE.

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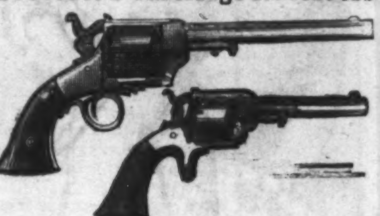

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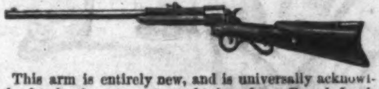

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